

The Saturday News

Vol. III

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1908

No. 34

NOTE AND COMMENT

The announcement that we are to have electric railway communication between Edmonton and Strathcona by the new year leads Mr. Harry Wilson, an old-timer of the latter city, to make a suggestion, which should commend itself to all reasonable people. In a letter to the Strathcona Chronicle he says:

"Some years ago the people of this burg made the biggest mistake in its history in changing the name from South Edmonton to Strathcona, on that issue the majority were influenced by a few wind bags who had the floor, and the spirit of rivalry at that particular issue being, thanks to a few, a very few, extreme cranks on each side of the river, we all know who they were, the motion was carried.

We have now the opportunity to remedy that mistake, the best time we ever had, now that a street car service between the two places is assured, and that is to amalgamate the two cities as outlined by ex-Mayor Griesbach at a meeting some time ago. He had not much sympathy on the subject then, but I am inclined to think that he would have more today, at any rate from the large ratepayers.

I beg to make the following motion and ask for a second to that motion in your next issue, viz., "That a committee of five, composed of the following gentlemen, from this side of the river, Mayor Duggan, J. Douglas, Robert Ritten, F. C. Jamieson, and Fred Sachse be asked to meet a committee of five from Edmonton named by Mayor McDougall, to meet within ten days from this date to discuss this matter and report to the councils of the Edmonton and Strathcona Boards of Trade for further discussion.

I may say that I have not spoken to any of the gentlemen I have named in regard to this matter.

Yours truly,
Harry Wilson
Strathcona, Aug. 1.

The Chronicle, which does not approve of Mr. Wilson's stand, notes that there is a decided change in the sentiment of the people of Strathcona. "Less than a year ago," it says, "the anti-Edmonton feeling was rampant; now it is the new-found love that seems uppermost."

This being the case, some definite steps should be taken without delay, towards the realization of the object so clearly and frankly set forth by Mr. Wilson. The interests of the two municipalities are for the most part identical. With the opening up of communication between them they are bound to converge more and more. With a high level bridge people would pass between one and the other just as between different parts of the one city. What the future is to hold for each depends upon the use which is made of the exceptional position that they hold in respect to the great new territory, the development of which is certain to be the outstanding feature of the next decade of Canadian history. The Saturday News is confident that if the citizens of these two communities are alive to their chances that twenty-five years hence we shall see on the banks of the Saskatchewan the greatest inland city of the Dominion. Is it not better to join hands in bringing about this result than to remain apart and by rivalry, which cannot possibly serve any good purpose whatever, waste our respective energies?

The Calgary Albertan says: "The Calgary Herald, the Edmonton News and some other 'independent' newspapers have been worried about the small amount of merit which the Albertan has had out of the coming of 'Peep Show' Ames, who is billed for a magic lantern political show in the next few weeks.

"The Albertan has no apologies to offer.

"Mr. Ames, a prominent person from Montreal, is coming South from Western Canada to educate us with object lessons, with the methods of the circus performer, and the clown. Such a means of carrying on a political campaign was never undertaken in this country before, and Mr. Ames is not undertaking his peep show business in any other part of the Do-

minion. He is working it on Western Canada, believing that we cannot appreciate a straightforward political argument. We have to be educated by his peep show performance. We can only be educated by pictures.

"The Calgary Herald and the Edmonton News may be satisfied with this kind of patronage and this kind of insult. 'Independent' news papers usually are satisfied with anything that comes their way. The Albertan has always had an abiding faith in the intelligence of Western Canada and has no apology for resenting this attack of the clown by clownish methods.

"The Albertan welcomed the visit of Mr. Borden and welcomes the visit of any other person with a message to deliver, but it resents the coming of this man Ames, who, with his eastern provincialism, believes that there is no intelligence west of the great lakes, and with western Canadianism adopts the tactics of a circus clown to educate our people.

"The Albertan thought fit to attack with ridicule such a grotesque person, bearing in every move an insult to the intelligence of the people of this country, and the Albertan believes that western people who are independent and open to conviction will resent this comedy affair of a peep show undertaking to capture the suffrages. That kind of a campaign may be good stuff for the 'independent' Calgary and Edmonton newspapers, but it is not fit for a newspaper against which this paper has to offer.

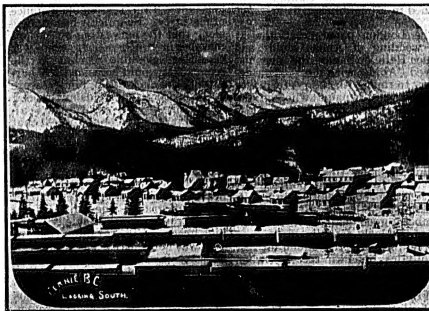
"The entire campaign is an insult to western people, and it is with regret that we find the chief bottle-washer to the entire business is M. S. McCarthy, who has disgraced the name of 'Calgary' while he has misrepresented it."

Wouldn't it be just as well to wait till Mr. Ames' arrival before passing judgment on what he has to offer? Why the use of a magic lantern should be an insult to our intelligence is not altogether clear. We are not aware to what use Mr. Ames intends to put the apparatus that excites the scorn of the Albertan, but it is easy to conceive of its being employed very effectively in brightening up a speech and in impressing certain facts upon an audience. The innovation which Hon. Mr. Fielding introduced in his budget speech of presenting the figures showing the growth of trade, revenue, etc., by means of diagrams proved very popular in the House of Commons, and if members of parliament are not averse to having prosaic facts and figures served up in an attractive form the ordinary elector is not likely to object.

The criticism which was made on this page a week ago of an extract from the Albertan applies to that given above as well. The Saturday News is not backward in expressing its opinion of public men and measures but it does believe in giving every man of leading in a city a respectful hearing and in judging what each has to say on its merits. The senseless abuse to which so many party newspapers subject their opponents degrades our politics as well as defeating the purpose for which it is resorted to.

The strike of the mechanics at the C.P.R. shops throughout the Dominion could hardly come at a more unfortunate time. With every prospect of a bumper crop that will put new heart into those who have bound up their future with that of the Canadian West and restore to general confidence a general blockade, due to agencies within human control, would be most exasperating. The department of labor has done all that it could to avert the calamity, having invoked the Lemieux Act, under the terms of which, the matters in dispute were arbitrated. The men have refused to accept the finding of the majority of the conciliation board and the strike is the result. In taking the action that they have they can count on no measure of support from the general public. There is no reason to suppose that any unfairness underlies the Board's decision and under such circumstances, it is the duty of each of the contending parties to accept the verdict legally. The hope of the nation is that public sentiment will take itself so strongly against a settlement will be reached before great harm is done to the general interests.

The Fernie that was



Bird's eye view of the town that was destroyed by fire during the week.

Fernie appears to be the hoodoo town of the Canadian West. That reputation is possessed in Eastern Canada by London, Ontario, which has a long record of disasters. Fernie only sprang into existence in 1897, when people began to realize the value of the coal areas that "Bill" Fernie had prospected. But during the past eleven years, it has come frequently into notice. In May 1902 a disastrous explosion took place which wrecked a mine and killed 128 men. In April 1904 six blocks in the centre of the town were destroyed by fire. Hardly a month has passed without some fatal occurrence in connection with the mines. Just prior to the great fire of this past week, twenty-three men were imprisoned in one of these. Various strikes, with attendant disorders, have taken place, and even the Black Hand organization has added to the difficulties of the authorities in recent months, the suggestion having been made that it was responsible for the fire which has caused such widespread ruin.

Even yet it is impossible to tell just what the loss of life or of property has been. The dead will probably number about half a hundred. The burned area is a wide one, but does not include such a sweep of territory as was at first reported. Michel, it seems, has escaped, though reported destroyed at first. Cranbrook, which was also said to have suffered severely, was not affected at all. But in and around Fernie, the destruction could hardly have been more complete. To the call for aid issued by the mayor of the town the response has been immediate, practically every town and city of any consequence in Canada, as well as many in the neighboring States, sending either money or supplies. The Edmonton council at this week's meeting voted \$1000, while the Provincial Government within a few hours contributed \$5000. A benefit concert on Friday of this week in the Thistle Rink, Edmonton, is expected to net a large sum. The fact that the afflicted community is just beyond the borders of Alberta and that in many respects its interests are more in common with those of this province than with those of the rest of British Columbia had led to the keenest interest as well as the most active sympathy being manifested.

Mr. Alfred W. Dyer, who represented the Nelson News, the only daily newspaper in the Kootenays, at the Fernie fire, obtained from some of the refugees a very clear and succinct account of the start of the fire as well as several stories which give an idea of the experiences through which the citizens passed.

"Fire had been smouldering for weeks along the Pass," said one of them. "We did not take much notice of the little conflagrations as they did not amount to much as a rule and were too common a feature. But on Saturday afternoon last, the wind sprang up in a way I have never seen it do before and every

one of these fires became a menace at once. A little to the west an American lumber company had taken over the limits of the old Cedar Valley company and there under the influence of the wind the fire sprang up dangerously and progressed, blown by the wind, nearer and nearer to the town. Some idea can be formed of the strength of the wind when I tell you that long before the fire touched the city houses the roof of the opera house was lifted clean off the remainder of the building and flung flat in the middle of Main street.

"At the same time there had been another fire further to the west and north of the first named which was also dangerously near the city. The first fire presently set light to the residence of agent Blackstone of the Great Northern railway, situated in the park, and from that the flames leapt to the Elk brewery and from that swept westward end to end through the city.

"In the meantime the other fire had also caught town buildings at a point a little to the north and west of the brewery and the two fires uniting raged on together. In the little angle between the two fires, an angle in the extreme west of Fernie, were practically the only houses, perhaps a dozen, with the exception of the coal company's office, a stone structure, isolated in the middle of block in the center of the city, and one other house at the extreme east of Fernie, which escaped the total destruction which inside of three hours overwhelmed the town and passed on blazing furiously eastward towards Sparwood and Hosmer."

Taking up the story, another refugee told of the frightful scenes that were enacted in the street, of how the people rendered frantic by the overwhelming suddenness of the frightful catastrophe, were caught in their houses, were blazing in the block on which stood the isolated coal company's office.

The majority of the people got away by the trains of the Great Northern and of the coal company. A brave deed that probably saved hundreds of lives, but which was in disobedience of orders, stands out in a time when brave and heroic deeds were many.

There stood on the C.P.R. tracks, facing eastward on the main line, a freight train, in charge of driver C. Hart. Clamoring people by hundreds asked him to pull out. The engineer knew that the right of way was possessed by the local passenger train bound west. Yet he went on. Mrs. Gorie, who was on the train, speaks in the highest terms of the bravery and presence of mind of that locomotive engineer. Slowly and with infinite caution, stopping at every turn to send a man ahead, the freight picked its way along the blazing track with the main body of the flames pursuing it and was with infinite relief that it was Hosmer was reached the local was found held up at the station, the agent fearing to send the passenger westward.

(Continued on page 4)

Libel suits are to be once more a feature of a Saskatchewan election campaign. In 1905 Hon. Walter Scott had the editor of a Regina paper prosecuted for criminal libel. On this occasion Mr. Scott himself is being proceeded against for describing Mr. Laird, the Conservative candidate in Regina, as a grafter. The fight is an exceedingly bitter one and whichever side wins, the majority will not be large.

No time is being lost in pushing the electric railway project to completion. The move is a very popular one in both cities, each of which is certain to derive a large benefit from it. The ratepayers of Edmonton on August 27 will vote on the by-law to ratify the agreement for the purchase of the Strathcona Radial Tramway's franchise for \$10,000, and also to raise \$115,000 for the completion of the line. It should pass by a large majority. Mr. Charles Taylor has been appointed superintendent of construction. He has already taken charge and nothing will be left undone to carry out the council's programme, by which inter-urban facilities will be obtained by the first of the year.

Reports presented at the Edmonton council meeting on Tuesday show surpluses for the past seven months in the telephone and waterworks departments, amounting to \$1,685.63 and \$1903.14 respectively. One should not, however, jump at the conclusion from the figures that the two services are returning these sums to the city. They merely indicate the difference between receipts and running expenses. No calculation is made of the amount invested by the city in either case or the extent to which the two plants suffer from depreciation. Without an allowance being made for these two elements, it is not safe to draw any definite conclusions.

The council has come to an arrangement with the Citizens' Band to give a series of four open-air concerts on the High School grounds, for which the city will pay \$150. The concerts will be very much appreciated and the band is deserving of encouragement at the hands of the public.

Dr. Whitelaw, medical health officer, should be strongly supported by the council in his demand for the enforcement of the city by-law, which requires those living on streets upon which water and sewer mains have been laid to have their places of residence connected with them. Its non-enforcement has brought about most unsanitary conditions around numerous shacks and tents, which it is manifestly unfair to others living in the neighborhood to allow to continue. The strict observance of the by-law will make necessary the removal of these shacks and tents to other parts of the city, and an outcry has already arisen as a result. But no injustice is being done. There is no reason why they should be allowed to make unsightly and unhealthy a district in which others have built homes that are attractive, both from the standpoint of appearance and convenience. We shall never have a city that we can be proud of till we regulate properly the class of structures that are to be put up on our streets. When a water and sewer service is placed on a thoroughfare, it should mean that the buildings that are to be placed along it are to be of a substantial character. If a person still wishes to live in a tent or a shack, it is surely not too much to ask him to erect it elsewhere. It is not necessary for him to go so far from the centre of the city as to have to suffer any consequent hardship.

Great Britain has been giving Canada for some years a demonstration of how to protect home industry from foreign competition without a tariff. It has done this by keeping our cattle out on the pretence that disease prevails among them. Everyone recognizes that this is not the case but no government can be

induced to remove the injustice. The fact is that certain powerful British interests obtain protection through this fiction about our cattle and, as is always the case, it has proven immensely difficult, once the privilege is of long-standing, to deprive them of it.

There was another bit of legislation went through in the Old Country recently which gives protection by indirect means, but is not open to the same objection as is that which places the embargo on our cattle. The new patent law offers, as the Vancouver World points out, a means of encouraging home industry which can be taken advantage of without levying duties and increasing the cost to the consumer. The principle is so simple and so essentially just in its operation that one wonders that it was not discovered and adopted before. It is this that the articles protected by patents granted by a country must be manufactured in that country. British necessity was the mother of this particular invention. The Germans had been taking out British patents for chemical processes, not for use in Great Britain but to prevent the use of them in Great Britain, and had captured a large portion of a trade formerly in British hands. Ores, for instance, which could be treated only by a German process had to be carried to Germany because the owners of the patents would not allow the process to be used anywhere else. Altogether, what between the protection the foreigner secured for himself against Great Britain by his own duties and the protection he secured by Great Britain's own patent laws, British industry was being ground between the upper and the nether millstone.

The new law has now come to the rescue and may make the suggested abandonment of free trade unnecessary. The Germans, fearful of losing their British patents, are pouring capital into the United Kingdom, and are establishing there the industries which they have hitherto patriotically restricted to the fatherland.

That a tariff is no protection for a home industry when the industry is based on a patent is self-evident. If the article is manufactured within the country a duty on similar articles manufactured outside the country merely enables the home manufacturer to charge the ordinary price plus the full amount of the duty. If the article is not manufactured within the country the difference is that the treasury gets the amount of the duty instead of the manufacturer. In either event the unfortunate consumer is in the position of the man who summons his wife for throwing the breakfast dishes at him and then pays her fine. Australia recognized this years ago when considering the tariff on harvesters. The harvester is quite plastered with patents, sixty or seventy of them in all. The government decided that it would be useless to charge a duty on harvesters for the purpose of encouraging home industry because the patents it had itself granted must prevent anyone except the owners manufacturing harvesters, and a duty which they did not have would not force them to put up plants in Australia. It is remarkable that having come so near discovering the principle adopted by Great Britain, the Australian legislators should have missed it completely. Yet it does not seem to have occurred to anybody that all that was necessary to force the owners of the harvester patents to come to Australia was to cancel the patents if they did not, and then protect the manufacturers (who made free use of the inventions). We venture the opinion that the oversight will not be committed again.

"And what about Canada?" asks the World. "Why should not every American who takes out a Canadian patent be compelled to make the gods here under pain of losing the protection it gives him in this country. What would it not have meant.

(Continued on page 9)

The Saturday News

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8

WITH THE INVESTOR

THE BEST CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA

Delivered daily to all parts of the city.

TRY OUR **MOTHERS' BREAD**
IT CAN'T BE BEAT!

HALLIER & ALDRIDGE
BAKERS, CONFECTIONERS
AND FRUITER'S
Strowger Phone 1327. 223 JASPER AVENUE

July Clearing Sale

AT
J. H. MORRIS & CO. DEPARTMENTAL
STORE
270-276 Jasper Avenue East, Edmonton

25 DOZ. MULL WAISTS

embroidered fronts, attached collars, short sleeves and open in back,
Regular Price \$1.25

JULY SALE 70c. JULY SALE

All summer goods selling at big reductions.

Now is your chance to save money.

MORE THAN ENOUGH

Good Meat here to supply all demands. Not a pound of low grade kind ever comes into the store. Don't think however that the meat is high-priced because of excellent quality. We sell at ordinary prices, Choice Beef, Veal and Poultry for particular people.

E. TOMLINSON, 350 JASPER EAST
Phone 80

NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, Ltd.

Executor, Administrator, Trustee, Liquidator, Etc.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

**\$1 at
4 p.c.**

**\$1 at
4 p.c.**

A. M. STEWART, - Manager Edmonton Branch
Corner Jasper Avenue and First Street

The Sommerville Hardware Co.

LIMITED

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL HARDWARE
.... Dealers in....

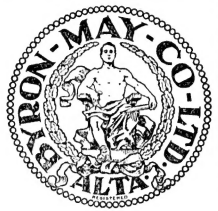
Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Railway Contractors' Supplies,
Paints, Oils, Glass, Powders and Dynamite.

Kitchen Furnishings a Specialty
Hot Air Heating and Tinsmithing.

FIRST and RICE STREETS. EDMONTON

PEACH & SONS LACE CURTAINS

Illustrated list of samples and prices for lace curtains in various styles and widths. Includes prices for 6 pairs choice, 8 pairs choice, and 10 pairs choice. Also lists prices for 2 pairs choice, 4 pairs choice, and 6 pairs choice. Prices range from \$8.40 to \$4.30.



Printing and Developing
for Amateurs

BEST RESULTS ASSURED

Mail us your films and write
for price list

623 FIRST ST.
Edmonton



Our Carpet Cleaner will SAVE YOU
LOTS OF WORRY

TELEPHONE 1763 and your troubles
will be over.

Edmonton Tent and
Mattress Co., Ltd.

Mitchell & Reed
AUCTIONEERS

Farm, Furniture and Store Sales
conducted in town or country

TERMS MODERATE PROMPT SETTLEMENT

Auction Rooms—Jasper Ave. E.
PHONE 367

Edmonton - - - Alta.

HORNER'S LIVERY
PHONE 1234

The Brick Barn, cor. First and Clara sts.



Electrolysis

For Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Etc.; removed permanently; satisfaction assured. If not satisfied with your complexion try Madame Raymond's Pure Medicated Face Cream. Also Facial Massage which makes the face plump and round. I have a full line of cosmetics which I can show you. I also wish to satisfy and show ladies what I can do. My preparations and treatments are fully described in Booklet 'C'. Send for it.

Madame Raymond

PHONE 1478 723 FOURTH ST.

An Amateur Highwayman— A Short Story

By WALTER E. GROGAN, IN THE GRAPHIC.

"It is folly, Roland; egad, it is worse than folly, it is madness!" I swear that liquor has muddled your wits. Gentlemen, gentlemen, I protest! For a man wearing His Majesty's uniform it is the maddest escape wine or a wench could hatch! Cry out, Roland!"

There was a mighty burst of laughter in the room, and rappings of the table with sword-hilts, and the noise of it buzzed in my ears.

"Come, Charlie, 'tis a pretty test; a pretty, elegant, conceived frolic," lisped Ensign Harker.

"Of course, if Roland has no stomach for the enterprise," began my cousin, Sir Mandeville Ullabrook, in soft, suave tones.

"I jumped to my feet at that. The lights whirled before me, and I caught a jumble of staring faces, but of which my cousin's shaped itself distinctly. I saw the sneer of his thin lips, the arrogant lounge of his figure in the oak-backed chair, the nonchalant way in which he tapped his snuff box and fastidiously treated his nose, and these things whirled my blood—already hot with wine—to frenzy.

There was already bad blood between us. Sir Mandeville had ever been such a cold, calculating fellow as would smile you out of a birth-right. He had fastened on me when I had rejoined my regiment; had taught me all the engaging ways by which a man might lose money; and the upshot of it all was that he tightly held certain papers that would give him my estate in Hertfordshire whenever he chose to foreclose. And, in addition to this, he had entered the lists against me with Lady Betty Sherrington.

"I have all the stomach in the world," I cried.

Sir Charles Vandeker plucked me by the coat tails.

"Don't be a fool, Roland!" he said, angrily.

"Charlie's muzzling the puppy," lisped Ensign Harker.

"Let him go, Charlie!" cried Captain Vane. "Tis a pretty enterprise, and, gad, why, the Lord Harry, you always spoil sport beats me!"

Charlie looked him levelly between the eyes.

"If any gentleman wishes to question my conduct I shall be proud to refer him to my friend Ronald Greville."

"Lud, how hot you be!" cried Captain Vane, in a vast hurry, for Charlie's barkers shot with rare precision. "No one questions your conduct and if Roland shies at the game there's an end on't."

My cousin opened his mouth to speak, but closed it again, noting that Charlie was waiting for his words. Three menhipped in one season made men chary of differences with Sir Charles Vandeker.

I rose again, and this time Charlie sighed and let me go.

"I don't shy!" I shouted. "Zounds, gentlemen, you don't know the Grevilles! Come, come, 'tis a gentleman of honor, and the conditions need go no further. Come, you are agreed!"

Those half-dozen acquainted with the wagger gave solemn assurances of acquiescence, even Charlie joining resolutely with the rest.

"Then, Mandeville, this is the way of it. I alone and unaided, will stop the coach of my Lord Sherrington on the King's highway within a month of this date, and bring you here—in the presence of these gentlemen—some tokens recognizable to you all as belonging to him, and so persuade you of its accomplishment. If I fail to do this or seek help in the stopping of the coach, I am to forfeit five hundred pounds. If I win—and, lud, I never will!—You, Sir Mandeville Ullabrook, will forfeit to me a like sum. And now, on your part, swear to breathe no word concerning this, or in any way hinder the accomplishment of my escapade."

My cousin smiled a triumphant assent.

"Tods should not be so level as 'thats!" cried Charlie. "Lud, Mandeville, you have set a devilish bargain! Come, you hold papers at Ronald's, plaguey notes of hand binding his estates in forfeit. Wager those against the five hundred, and, gad, sir, 'twill be less of a mockery."

Mandeville echoed with anger.

"Mockery!" he hissed. "Dammie, this goes too far!"

"I'll go farther," answered Charlie, now seated and making up and eulogues for me right handsomely. "I say it is grossly, monstrously unfair!"

"I have made my proposals," Mandeville said shortly.

"They are surely unfair! What say you, gentlemen?"

"Zounds, Mandeville, Charlie has the right of it. His conditions are better in accord. In truth, to stop the coach of a Sheriff of a County is unconsciously hazardous. It cannot be contrived that the odds of the wagger should favor the doer of the deed." Ensign Harker soberly thought himself a very master of the niceties of etiquette between gentlemen.

So the conditions were altered in agreement with Charlie's proposals, for the others, despite the evident umbrage of my cousin, hurried to support them.

In the sober light of the next day I realized that I had got myself a pretty task, a task that I frankly deemed impossible. In this view I was upheld by Charlie, who lounged into my room in the forenoon.

Sir Charles Vandeker was some what older than I in years, indeed he held a captain's commission in the same regiment of Dragoons in which I still served as lieutenant.

But three years' rough work in Flanders and some affinity of taste had knit our souls together.

"Roland, you have got the devil for a driver, and unless I am woe fully mistaken I made no doubt that the wagger is as good as lost. And, gad! I'll thank the stars if you get out of it with no more than the forfeiture of your money."

I sat up on my couch with some alarm. The five hundred pound I had wagered seemed to me the worst limit of the rough chase.

"Why, what could be worse?" I cried.

"I am no friend of your cousin," he answered.

"He is a crafty, ill-conditioned scoundrel," he went on.

"He is that and more," I said. "He has been compassing my ruin pretty shrewdly of late, and certain tales of my escapades which have come to the ears of my mistress—made her none the kinder for the hearing!—have, I make no doubt, had their start at his lips."

"Lady Betty has a fortune of some size," Charlie said.

"Lud, Charlie, if you insinuate—"

"Zounds, what ails you, Ronald! Tis none to me, disfavor that her pretty hands are full and I know you well enough to be sure that you gave no thought to one acre of her lands. But Mandeville is no so disinterested."

"Ay, he loves the shiners as an attorney loves fees."

"So, anxious as he is to win the five hundred from you, his anxiety is deeper that he may disgrace you in the eyes of the Lady Betty and her father."

The whole truth of the business flashed upon me, and I groaned.

"Lud, Charlie, what a fool I am!" I cried.

"Mandeville is a scoundrel, a cunning scoundrel withal, or I'd have had him hipped ere this. He sees that the Lady Betty has smiles for you and is none so forward with him, and the knowledge rankles, I'd pick a quarrel with him and settle it by giving him to the sexton, but that he's too cunning to take affront."

"You must 'en stop the coach and bring us my Lord Sherrington's ivory-handled cane, or some such trifle. There's the whole matter neatly wrapped up for you. It might be done—lud, these servants have no stomach for fight when a bold knight of the road bars the way!—were it not for Ullabrook, who I swear will try some sneaking trick for your undoing."

"He has sworn—" I commenced.

"Lud, Ronald, I'd as soon believe in the word of a pet-fogging attorney!"

"Zounds, what a fool I've been!" I cried. "But, by the Lord Harry, I'll go through with it! I'll diddle him yet Charlie."

In the next few days I went cautiously to work, showing in all my usual haunts at my wonted hours, and working out plans in the off times.

I had a valuable and much-loved mare, which had a rare turn of speed. Her I named Betty, for when I bought her I was new in my passion for my sweet mistress. The mare was coal black, with a star of white on her forehead, and the near foreleg had a white stocking. These I painted over so that none could recognize her. When I had done this secretly I kept her in readiness, guarded most safely in a stable, entrance to which was denied to all save Sir Charles, my man Tom (an honest rascal), and myself. Then I waited.

Ten days after the making of the wagger Sir Charles called on me in the afternoon and carried me off, willy-nilly, to make my compliments to my Lord Sherrington and the Lady Betty, who were to leave town that evening for their own place in Essex.

"Fates play into your hand! There is a most convenient heath, some fifteen miles out, which, they are bound to pass."

"Tis vulgarly called 'Baroness Heath.' Send your man down with Betty as a lead hack and let him stable her in the old cottage that stands at the foot of the hill leading to the Heath. I passed there a week or two ago. The cottage is mostly in ruins, and stands a matter of forty yards on the left of the high road. He can leave his truck and coat there, and I'll wager 'twill remain undisturbed for a twelvemonth, for the place has an evil name through the murder of an old Jew that lived there."

My Lord Sherrington's town house was in the City of Westminster, and we were late in our arrival. I was ill pleased to observe that my cousin was in close conversation with my sweet Betty. I strode across the room to her side.

"I am desolate, Lady Betty," I said. "That we are to lose so much beauty and so soon."

"Indeed!" she answered, lifting her long lashes and glancing merrily at me with a smile in her violet eyes.

"This be news, Sir Convent Garden to be disestablished, or is the playhouse in Drury Lane to be closed? Come, expound!"

The idle gallantries of a man of fashion are none to be cloaked. That some echo of my admiration for one or two of the play-actresses had reached my Lady Betty's ears was too plain, and I laid it to my cousin's book.

"Sir," she answered lightly, though inwardly discomfited, "that be an old tale that you have caught out of time. When the sky is moonless the stars are brightly seen. Need I look not at the stars, but at the moon?"

Sir Charles, drifting courteously among the shallow and fawning pretenses, came to us as we spoke, and led my cousin away to discuss the points of the latest Town Toast, and to quiz her from the vantage of his superiority. As Sir Charles passed I gave him a look of thanks, and methinks I caught some such glance passing from my mistress's violet eyes also.

"Sir," she said, when we were thus left, "the air of the room is somewhat heavy. I have a mind to seek the garden. This autumn sun shines kindly, and I come to feel hurt. Would you take pity on me?"

"I would go with you anywhere, even to the end of the world."

Alas, sir, I am not like to put you to such a test. But I have a command to lay upon you."

"Tis obeyed, I swear," I made answer.

"You are rash, sir. Come, let us go!"

She, touching my arm with the tips of the fingers of as dainty a hand as any in the length and breadth of the kingdom, led me to the seat we both wotted of under the big mulberry tree a short way from the terrace. Here we were so screened as to be unseen of none.

"Sweet mistress," I cried, all in a heat at the dear encouragement given me by her eyes, "tell me your command that I may set about its accomplishment!"

She toyed with a fan with manifest amusement and delight at my eagerness.

"Sir, I like the fashion of your sword-knot handsomely," she said, coquettishly putting aside my question.

"That is unfair. I am all anxiety to do your bidding, and you dangle the favor of your command beyond my knowledge."

"We ride this afternoon into Essex."

"Your father has acquainted me with your decision," I made answer, not without inward amusement.

"My father has a touch of gout," she remarked tentatively.

"I am grieved—but it is no new thing."

"No, no new thing," she acquiesced with a sigh. "I love my father most dutifully."

"He is happy and to be envied."

"I have an esteem for him, and admiration for his head, a love for his heart, but—"

She paused and looked at me.

"There is no more troublesome word in the whole of the lexicon than 'but.'"

"But there is no gaisneying that the gout is a drawback. My father is the most considerate of partners until—"

"Exactly," I made answer. "You would have me post for his surgeon?"

"Nay—he goes to his own place in Essex, where Master Boy is already, and for my own part, I think a surgeon but harries the evil. But—consider, Ronald, we drive the night through, and I shall be alone with an old man who is no longer my father, but a mere testy, irritable victim to the gout."

"Monstrously uncomfortable, but why this night journey?" I inquired, marvelling much that my work was so like to be eased.

"My father lies to his own house when he has the gout as a hurt rabbit to its hole. Stay another night in this—ahem—London!" he cried. "I'll be ——— but I think it were the wisest to leave to your imagination the ending of the sentence."

"I might hazard a guess and come near it," I said, smiling at my memory of the old man's curtsies.

"You have no fear of these highwaymen who are said to haunt the roads?"

"It would be a delightful break to the tedium of life."

"You have given me no command as yet," I ventured.

"Briefly, that you join us in the ride. Not for my own part, but for the sharing of my father's ill humour."

I looked at her blankly, and though she smiled as sweetly as a spring breeze bursted in bloom I could muster no word in answer. The matter was an impossibility, though her choice of me argued an interest in the matter, and, moreover, I was wedged in all ways, for if I went not with her I should earn her severe displeasure, and if I went I lost all chance of freeing my

estate, and five hundred pounds, which I had not, to boot.

"I regret I—am overwhelmed with despair, for the matter is an impossibility."

"Indeed," she said coldly. "I thought your proposals were too great."

"It wounds me deeply!" I cried. "I am inconsolable!"

"Then sir, I will detain you no longer. Some urgent affair will need your immediate attention, and if you come an hour or so before the time appointed I doubt not the wench will put it down to the magnitude of her attractions!" My Lady Betty was yet young, and could not but let her word peep through her angry words.

"What wench?" I asked bluntly.

"I care not to remember the creature's name. But as you have forgotten, hark to my informant, Sir Mandeville Ullabrook, and he will refresh your memory. I cannot seem to hope to describe the mingled bitterness and wounded pride in her voice."

"Tis a lie!" I cried, furious at the ingenious devilry of my cousin who had laid his plans so cleverly that I should sweetly tonight the furthest meet either lose my wagger or the

esteem of my mistress.

"Then what calls you forth?" she queried, with hope in her voice.

"That I may not tell you," I said. "Sir," she said stiffly. "I would not seek to detain you."

I looked at her. I think Heaven never smiled on a fairer sight. She was like a child, a womanly child. She had a child's face, fair, peony; long-lashed, big violet eyes; a wee mouth now pouting; a dear slim figure that came not one whit higher than my shoulder even with the help of her abnormally high-heeled shoes; but in her eyes, big and innocent, was the mirror of a woman's heart.

I bowed to her, and she rose and curtsied, looking beyond me to the fountain splashing merrily in the centre of the green.

A smile crept into my face. For my life I could have done naught to stifle it. I have ever had some refreshment of humor, and the comely of it lurking beneath the devilry of my cousin caught hold of me.

"Farewell," I said. "I go to my appointment. If luck serves me I shall meet you sweet tonight the furthest

(Continued on page 6)

FIRE INSURANCE

Robert Mays

Room 5 Crisall Bldg., 42 Jasper Ave. W.
Phone 1263 EDMONTON, ALTA.

To the Investing Public

For a Home or an Investment

GRAND VIEW HEIGHTS

offers inducements and future possibilities unparalleled on either side of the river. It is beautifully picturesque and just far enough out to be the logical residence district of the "Twin Cities." It is absolutely THE BUY. Make an appointment to go and see GRAND VIEW HEIGHTS at our expense. We have good rigs and careful drivers. Come on, come all, but do not all come at once.

L. L. PEARCE

248 Jasper Ave. East (Over Penny Arcade)

A YEAR'S COURSE AT THE BEST BUSINESS - COLLEGE IN ALBERTA

the fees for which amount to \$70,
may be secured on the payment of
\$50 CASH

For further particulars apply to BOX A,
SATURDAY NEWS OFFICE,
HOWARD STREET, EDMONTON.



Toronto Saturday Night makes this interesting comment: "Longboat riding in a cab, came in fifth in the great Marathon race. So ended all our rosy hopes. The Indian collapsed in the twentieth mile, after having got away from most of those among his competitors who had been regarded as dangerous rivals. It must not be forgotten that he was the man all the other runners were watching, so that he could neither sprint ahead or slow down without having others at his heels. The dispatches seem to show that the best men ran the last twelve miles and had not sufficient strength left with which to finish the distance. But it is idle to seek explanations. It is enough to know that our great Indian runner, RIDING IN A CAB, came in fifth, and was greeted with the hoarse laughter of the visitors from the United States, who were gathered about. Thousands of people were assembled in the streets in Toronto, watching the bulletin boards in front of the newspaper offices; men stood ready to toot the great steam whistles of all the factories in Toronto and of all the boats in the harbor; in a thousand towns and villages people were awaiting the word—awaiting the news that never came. Outside the field of athletics, and among the general public there appeared to exist no doubt whatever that Longboat would win that race, and when you come to think of it nothing could well be more surprising than the universal interest taken in this Indian with the gifted feet. You could meet nobody, whatever his sphere in life might be, but the news was interesting in the outcome of the race. Just before the Dominion Parliament closed its session at Ottawa some appropriations were being voted through, among them the grant of ten thousand dollars as a national contribution to the sending of the Canadian athletes to the Olympic games, and the grant was greeted with enthusiasm by many members shouting the name "Longboat." That joyous moment in a young country's life here mentioned as a pleasant memory, now that our hopes have been dashed!

It was not only the races he had won, but the race he sprang from that excited all this interest in Longboat, and caused the average person, who knew nothing of such matters, to put faith in him. As readers of fiction in our youth we had gathered the notion that the red man was tireless in the long journey, and we saw in this runner a throw-back to one of his long-ranged ancestors who used to jog fifty miles of a morning to gather a scalp or preserve his own. Yet, when you investigate, you will find that there is little in the story without finding that the whites could outstrip them once the purpose and worth of the game was made apparent.

Perhaps Longboat was discovered a year too soon to win the Marathon. No doubt he would have won the contest being pulled off last year. The question that now presents itself is, What of the future of this young man? About three years ago he was pursuing his humble way at York University in the Indian Reservation, with enough intelligence to answer his needs and with enough industry to dig his dinner, when somebody came along and observed that he could lope at a good pace. He was lured into a civilization he could not comprehend, carried far and near on swift trains, cheered by tens of thousands of people, whisked from one excitement to another, until now beaten in his great trial, he announces that he will race no more. What will he do? It can scarcely be expected that he will return with contented mind to the humble lodge on the Reserve, where his early days were spent.

The report of the death of Dorando, the Italian runner, must have recalled to a number of persons the tragic death of Renforth, the great Canadian from the Indian community. At the Paris Exposition held nearly forty years ago, a four-oared crew from St. John won the great regatta. As the crew was the Newcastle crew, of which Renforth was a member, he was the champion single scull of the world, and until the death of his rival, Paris his four had been unbeaten. When the world's championship was brought to St. John, Renforth issued a challenge to the St. John crew, and the race was rowed on the Kennebecasis river, a branch of the St. John's short distance from the sea. The day before the race Renforth said to the boys: "The boat that leads at Appleby's wharf going out will win the race." Appleby's

wharf was a mile from the starting point. It was a beautiful race from the start to a few hundred yards from the wharf, the boats being even. Then the St. John boat began to move ahead, and Renforth said, "Hit her up, boys," and leaped forward for a mighty effort. But although his men responded, the struggle was in vain. St. John crouched ahead. The thousands on shore and in craft of all kinds were wild with excitement, when suddenly Renforth threw up his hands and fell backwards. His comrades headed their shells towards the shore, and although the gallant oarsman's heart was beating when he was tenderly lifted from his seat, in a few minutes he was dead. Some said that the final effort was too great; others said that more depended upon the race than any one knew, and that when he saw it was lost his heart was broken. It was perhaps the saddest tragedy in the history of athletics.—Victoria Colonist.

The cricketers of Saskatchewan are sending a team representative of the province to play a series of games in Winnipeg. Among the members is W. Stuckey of Regina, formerly of Wetskiwin. A dispatch from Regina says that the best men run the last twelve miles and had not sufficient strength left with which to finish the distance. But it is idle to seek explanations. It is enough to know that our great Indian runner, RIDING IN A CAB, came in fifth, and was greeted with the hoarse laughter of the visitors from the United States, who were gathered about. Thousands of people were assembled in the streets in Toronto, watching the bulletin boards in front of the newspaper offices; men stood ready to toot the great steam whistles of all the factories in Toronto and of all the boats in the harbor; in a thousand towns and villages people were awaiting the word—awaiting the news that never came. Outside the field of athletics, and among the general public there appeared to exist no doubt whatever that Longboat would win that race, and when you come to think of it nothing could well be more surprising than the universal interest taken in this Indian with the gifted feet. You could meet nobody, whatever his sphere in life might be, but the news was interesting in the outcome of the race. Just before the Dominion Parliament closed its session at Ottawa some appropriations were being voted through, among them the grant of ten thousand dollars as a national contribution to the sending of the Canadian athletes to the Olympic games, and the grant was greeted with enthusiasm by many members shouting the name "Longboat." That joyous moment in a young country's life here mentioned as a pleasant memory, now that our hopes have been dashed!

What good cricketers we have in Edmonton, of whom few had any knowledge was illustrated on Saturday, when a team representing the golf club played a representative eleven from the cricket club and won out. The cricket club made 123 for eight wickets and the golfers responded with 128 for seven. Floyd, for the winners, had put together 41 in his minority act when he was out. Chantell contributed 22, Bell 13, Pardee 12, Van Haast 15, Sanders 10, and Kirkpatrick 7, only one of the five wickets falling to get into double figures. For the losers Bertenshaw was effective as always, scoring 57 runs.

When two such teams can be put in the field, why shouldn't we have a city league? With a little effort it should not be difficult to organize three or four different elevens on this side of the river and with one in the Strathcona, the game would be largely independent of outside matches, which it seems practically impossible to secure in any numbers. It is too late to do anything this year, but if steps are taken along these lines in 1909, Edmonton can be made one of the best cricketing centres in the country.

During the recent match between Yorkshire and Notts, Lord Hawke was presented with a testimonial which was the general public's tribute to mark the twenty-fifth year of his captaincy of the Yorkshire county club. His lordship has scored 13,000 runs in the county. Cricket, perhaps, owes more to Lord Hawke than to any other player of the present popular captains in England. Lord Hawke's record, that this will be the last year of his captaincy, and it is certainly well a fitting wind-up to his career, if Yorkshire win the championship again.

Up to the time of writing Yorkshire is still unbeaten in the county championships with Surrey leading the county. Cricket was recently in the batting averages with 51.61. The great Gloucestershire free-hitting batter is giving the county a good workout this summer. The success of a player of his character helps the game to a remarkable extent from a spectator's standpoint.

A friend of this department of the Saturday News furnishes me with the following extract from a letter received by him from the Olympic games, which deals with a certain much discussed phase of the Olympic games: "It would be too much to expect such a big set of games to pass over without a little friction. The attitude of the Americans, however, is hardly conducive to harmony. At the outset it is a fact that our officials made a few silly blunders, which were due to oversight and want of thought. These consisted of omitting to display the American flag with other nations' flags on the great occasion, and to officially welcome the Olympic representatives from the States in a proper and considerate manner, and the crowning error was the awarding of the heats (1 and 2) in the 150 metre run, wherein the best Americans clashed. Our cousins took offence (and naturally) and instead of recognizing these omissions and faults as due to oversight and a want of thought, they are put down to unfairness and a deliberate attempt to discriminate against them. Unfortunately, in accordance with several of the American Olympic officials standing aloof from the banquets, etc., the Americans are likely to be the most vocal of the protests and complaints have been frivolous in the extreme



A fresh shipment of DELICIOUS CHOCOLATES just received

Geo. H. Graydon, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, King Edward Pharmacy

PHONE 1411

260 Jasper Avenue East

and our cousins evidently think their rules and methods should alone figure in athletics.

An incident happened at the games on Thursday which can only be termed unfortunate. It was in the final of the 400 metres, in which Halswell and three Americans were in opposition. At the crack of the pistol two of the Americans set a tremendous pace with Halswell. The latter assumed second place at the bottom bend, but when he challenged the leader swinging into the straight, Carpenter impeded him by running the Englishman right across the track. The umpire at that point at once held up his hand and the officials at the finish broke the tape signifying no race. It was the most disgraceful and flagrant case of impeding the writer has ever seen in a long association with athletics. The officials disqualified Carpenter from ever running in England again, and if the A. A. U. of America do not endorse the ruling, we should never again compete with Americans.

To turn to the other events, Kerr of Canada just got home in the 200 metres (22.2-sec) but he is very stale and not running as he did. The defeat of the Americans in both the two short sprints is a bitter blow to them and they will not get over in a hurry.

Edmonton's leadership in the baseball league has been seriously challenged during the past week, Wetskiwin winning on Friday 1-0, while McCusker pulled out a spectacular contest on Monday by 1-0. McCusker for Camrose struck out no fewer than 14 men. Vining pitched for Edmonton, and Wetskiwin Mills and Miller were on the slab.

The sports at the Fort Saskatchewan fair were the main source of attraction for the large crowd which gathered from all over this part of the province. The five mile race, the eight starters, Fraser, of Fort Chipewyan, who came to the fore in connection with the Empire Day race, won fairly easily, clearing the distance in 29 minutes 22 seconds. Gordon of Fort Saskatchewan was half-a-minute behind, with McCaughy of Edmonton in third. The prize was a splendid silver cup, Gordon's a gold and McCaughy's a silver medal. These were presented by Hon. W. F. Finlay. The horse races were followed with keen interest. Bermuda Queen won the free-for-all, trot or pace, in three straight heats. Buckingham captured the one mile dash, free for all, while Minnie D. after struggle, won out in the half mile dash for ponies. Little Jim, owned by James Skinner, Edmonton, won the race for Danby, owned by J. L. Porte of Strathcona, in a half-mile matched race. The baseball match between Edmonton and the Fort resulted in a win for the representatives of the capital by 7 to 3.

COVER POINT.

With the Investor.

(Continued from page 2)

A BRITISH CONFIDENCE IN CANADA.

"It is not altogether a pleasing task, after twenty years, which many can still remember, when Canada was still an unknown land to the average stay-at-home Briton. Even now, despite the spectacular development of her magnificent West, and the educational work carried on by 'Canada,' there are people in the Mother country who think that 'B.C.' refers to the new Christian age, and not to one of the most fertile and populous of the province of the Dominion. Only the other day Lord Dufferin, former Governor-General of Halifax and St. John are in Canadian, not American, territory. It is still true that the geography of Asia is better known to many Britons than that of Canada—a fact which is perhaps excusable when it is remembered that some of the greatest problems of Imperial policy are concerned with Asiatic countries having many times the population of the Dominion. It is perhaps because Canadian visitors to London are so often surrounded by vestiges of the old ignorance and indifference that they are apt to

under-value the very real and indisputable confidence that is being displayed in their country by the general British public. To gauge the extent and to appraise the value of that confidence one has only to glance back over the past few months and call to mind the huge total of the British capital that has during that period found investment in Canadian securities and enterprises. Dominion Government loans have called for millions, and not called in vain. The provinces have tested the sources of credit, and they have stood the test. The already great and well-established railroads have applied for means for their development, only to meet with a ready response as the appeals of new and possibly even greater projects whose success depends upon the future. The capital of Canada has been increased. Cities, both Eastern and Western, have had to find money to finance the needs of their growing population. Industrial companies have seized the opportunity to strengthen themselves and equip themselves to cope with the increased demand for their products, and for the means to do so have applied to the same providers. The total is huge, and, rather than showing any signs of decrease, the flow of this life-blood of Canada, since flowing in streams from the heart, it percolates even to the uttermost extremities. It may be unnecessary to stress the readiness to seize new opportunities which experience argues to be as promising as the old have proved advantageous.

British capital may well be called the life-blood of Canada, since, flowing in streams from the heart, it percolates even to the uttermost extremities. It may be unnecessary to stress the readiness to seize new opportunities which experience argues to be as promising as the old have proved advantageous. Through the efforts of the banks to their manufacturers, to the land and the labourer, it flows, till even the workman on some construction gang or lonely ranch finds his dollar a day, earned, and, therefore, more readily spent and returned by the same road. Through the retail store, the branch bank, the wholesale house, the department store, the main financial institutions, it passes back, building up prosperous businesses, and therefore the very core of the Dominion must profit, to a greater or less degree, it is true, but that degree is self-appropriated almost entirely by his own capacity to make a profitable position for himself. No mine, however rich, can be exploited without machinery or without labour, no source of supply can be made profitable without the creation of demand. The development of the Dominion is spectacular. The words are fast becoming trite, and stand in some danger of being spoken with the lack of comprehension that often accompanies a popular phrase. Only let the power that makes that development be deeply and honestly recognized by those who direct it, only let the opportunity to create be truly understood by those in whose hands the source of power rests, and let every official or operator, townsman or farmer, mechanic or labourer, appreciate at its true value the share in the benefits that accrue to him from the better knowledge of his country on the part of the investing British public, and we shall have less of "banged doors" less of "separate nationhood," less of preferential treaties with foreign countries, and more of unity and prosperity within the Empire.

Let every Canadian grasp the fact that whatever money he has in his pockets a portion is capital lent to Canada by Great Britain, and he will not make too much of a trifling geographical mistake. In any case, he should remember that the British investing public are directly interested in so many vast undertakings in all parts of the world that they may be pardoned for forgetting,

say, that Vancouver is not situated on Vancouver Island—Members of nations employed in world-business ought not to be expected to burden their mind with details.—"Canada."

The Calgary Trade Journal has this to say: "If we remember rightly, General Manager Morse, of the Grand Trunk Pacific, made the promissory statement some time ago that so soon as the company had decided upon a junctional point on the main line, it would build and operate a branch line into Calgary. The company has decided upon its junctional point at Saskatoon. The promise made by Mr. Morse to Calgary is not being kept. The main line is going to Edmonton. Branch lines from all directions are going to Edmonton. The Lacombe branch of the C.P.R. goes into Edmonton. The Wetaskiwin branch of the C.P.R. runs into Edmonton; the C.N.R. runs to Edmonton, and other lines are promised a terminus in Edmonton."

"And yet Calgary is nursing its distinction of being the wholesale centre, in a false security, with a sword of Damocles hanging over its head. It must be evident, to those who will see, that, in a short time, Edmonton will be in a stronger and better position than Calgary to handle the wholesale trade, if it gets the railways and Calgary gets none. The board of trade should upon an active campaign to have branch lines brought to Calgary. Its efforts should be directed with a purpose in the conviction that 'duty ceases there only where power fails.' We believe the board of trade has the power to accomplish something in this direction, if it have the will. It would, indeed, be a regrettable if the Calgary board of trade, instead of producing results, merely established for itself the reputation of being a tip-toe talking machine."

Note and Comment

(Continued from page 1)

to the Dominion had such a law been in force here for the last score of years? How many companies must in that event, have established plants in Canada to hold their rights? Again, how many patents are there which are not worked at all, either here or anywhere else, but are taken out and held to prevent the disorganization of present methods by the adoption of cheaper and better ones. The new enactment, "If you take out a patent you must work it here or let somebody else work it," ensures that to serve the interests of capital the public shall not be deprived of those patent investigators who invent new machines and processes, nor those of the reward of their labor. By all means let us have it in Canada."

The development is a most interesting one and is well worth giving close consideration to.

The Fernie that was.

(Continued from page 2)

On the Great Northern tracks, enclosed under a high bluff, a large party of Fernie people passed the night, taken there by a Great Northern train. Fifteen ladies slept in an unfinished cove oven. One of them was the wife of the general manager of the company. Mrs. J. D. Hurd, who was most unwillingly forced from her house by engineer Green, who is building the steel tiple at Hosmer. Now, curiously enough, Mrs. Hurd's home is one of the very few standing in Fernie, untouched by fire.

It pays to Advertise

CLARENCE POWELL, Comedian
With Richards & Pringle's famous minstrels at the Opera House, Wednesday, Aug. 12.

Edmonton OPERA HOUSE

All Next Week

Every night (except Wednesday) and Saturday Matinee

HAROLD NELSON

and AN EXCELLENT COMPANY

Popular Prices:

15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c.

DODGE'S

CONFECTIONERY and ICE CREAM

PARLOR

Everything quite up to date.

Afternoon Teas a specialty.

442 JASPER AVENUE EAST

(Crown's old stand)

DOMINION Theatre

OOR. THIRD ST. and JASPER PHONE 1340

STARTING

MONEY, AUG. 10th

Jeanne Russell Co.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram"

Souvenir Matinee, Wednesday

Gift Night, Wed. Night

Prices: 15c., 25c., 35c.

MATINEES, 10c. & 25c.

Music and Drama

Whenever an exceptional play is presented in Edmonton, the greatest praise that you can give it is to say that it is the best that has been given here "since Mrs. Fiske." This is a remark that has been frequently heard during the present week in reference to "The Young Mrs. Winthrop" which was given by the Jeanne Russell Company at the Dominion Theatre on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. With this popular verdict the Saturday News thoroughly agrees. The fact is that at popular prices this talented stock company is giving a series of plays of a standard far beyond anything to which we have in the past been accustomed.

"The Young Mrs. Winthrop" is by a master-playwright, Bronson Howard, and is an adequate vehicle for the talent of any actor, no matter what his eminence. In the hands of barn-stormers, it would be ridiculous. But the way in which that wonderfully clever fourth act was given at the Dominion this week would not have been out of place on any metropolitan stage. It will long remain the pleasantest kind of a memory to those who witnessed it. Miss Russell, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Caldwell have in other plays given evidence of genuine ability, but it is their performance in "The Young Mrs. Winthrop" that has won for them to gather around the table for the reading of the papers of separation for those who have followed their work to realize what artists they are. "Artist" is a strong word to apply to members of a stock company playing at popular prices in an outpost of empire. But in this instance it is not misused.

Two recent recruits to the organization made their first appearance on Monday night, Miss Gertrude Stone and Miss Helen Cooney. Both are a source of strength. Miss Stone, though her part was a comparatively minor one, acted with a spirit and a keen appreciation of its fine points, which made one look forward to her appearance in "Sappho" at the end of the week. The Saturday News unfortunately goes to press too early to give an adequate notice of this production in the current issue. Miss Cooney, as Edith, the blind girl, was also excellent, while the other members of the cast fully sustained their reputations. No one who wishes to see the best of plays put on by a thoroughly capable company should fail to visit the Dominion. Once he does so, he will often return.

Having thus paid my respects to a performance, which I believe is worthy of the highest praise, I cannot refrain from referring to a part of the programme, the introduction of which was a mystery. Why, between the acts of a play that was up to the standard of the most exacting playgoer, should a supposed vocalist be allowed on the stage to make hideous a quarter of an hour, and to destroy the effect on the minds of the audience of all the clever work that had gone before. Let's hope it was simply a sad mistake which is not likely to occur again.

When Robert Mantell and his company of players were at Salt Lake City recently, Rev. F. D. Short, the pastor of the First Methodist Church, in that city, declared that he would attend any of the performances.

He frankly confessed that he would like to see that eminent actor and his company, and he plainly permitted the inference that he believed he could get something of value from so doing.

But he said, the Methodist Episcopal Church had fixed its canon against the theatre.

The Inter-Mountain Republican, a leading daily newspaper of Salt Lake City, made Rev. Mr. Short's utterance the text of an editorial. Said the Republican: "The recent General Conference has made some modifications in that rule. Certainly many good men and women belonging to that and every other Church do go to the theatre. And we can not believe they are hurt by it—providing they choose with any care the theatres they visit."

For example, nothing could be more uplifting, more educational, more refining, than the witnessing of "Hamlet," as Mr. Mantell and his company play it. The same is true of every play they have in the present engagement. And we regard it as a distinct misfortune that a man of Mr. Short's talent and perception is barred from the good that he certainly would derive from presence at the theatre this week.

Of course he is right. His Church has forbidden it, and he is a good enough soldier to obey orders. He gives no offence by asserting his superiority to the rule of the body within which he has chosen his life. And no child of his Church can excuse imprudent action by saying he followed the pastor's example, and went to the theatre, to his final undoing, in the further course which lay beyond that outpost of his permission.

There are plays a plenty that should not be seen by anyone. And actors, too. These are not all of the theatre, nor any of it, if one may speak exactly. And there are plays that everyone should see with which everyone should be fam-

iliar, and without which one loses much of that education which life is all too short to give, at best.

Men and women cannot be bad and present the same. The Mantell players present it. And the life that misses Shakespeare is poorer than it need be. One may read it, a very educated man and every educated woman does read it.

But reading is not enough. Every passage has riches which only those who devote years to study can find. And in the acting they give to the public all the splendour of those plays—the greatest, the most wise and most wonderful that have place in the accomplishments of time.

It is unfortunate that any man of brains should be deprived of these advantages. Maybe it will not always be so.

Mrs. Elinore Glyn's much-talked of novel, "Three Weeks," has been dramatized and was given a try-out at the Adelphi Theatre in London with Mrs. Glyn as the heroine. The New York Herald's correspondent has called the following comment on the play his paper:

"Three Weeks" as a play is quite as unsatisfactory as "Three Weeks" as a novel. The play was given this afternoon at the Adelphi Theatre before a crowded audience of invited guests. The novel has been given to us at five shillings a throw wherever you could get it, when the police weren't looking. I read the novel and saw the play and am ashamed of both. Mrs. Elinore Glyn, who wrote the story and dramatized it, also acted the part of the heroine with somewhat questionable character. In spots she acted very well. That is, in weak spots. It was a lucky thing for her that there was at least thirty minutes' wait between every two acts, otherwise she would have lost her voice for



Georgia Minstrels, Edmonton Opera House, Wednesday, August 12th.

sure in one or two of the long scenes in which she was forced to be present.

She practically stepped on her voice, or throttled it, I am not sure, but I know that the result was a curlew. The next point is, will "Three Weeks" be a success in New York.

The performance this afternoon was only a production show, as to New York, it is, of course, a very difficult matter to answer. I suspect, however, that the police force there is still active and that human intelligence is not at a discount. With these two handicaps it is hard to see how "Three Weeks" can last for much more than three hours.

It should be recorded to the everlasting glory of Mrs. Glyn that she acted a most difficult part in the most conscientious and captivating manner. While it is her fault that she wrote the book, it is to her credit that she could portray the image of her brain so cleverly. A thousand persons or so present this afternoon were almost shocked by her knowledge of stagecraft. Mrs. Glyn had never acted before, but she certainly showed again. But, please, Mrs. Glyn, stop writing novels and act! You will be liked better.

The famous tiger skin which is conspicuous in our novel, of course, appeared in the play. It was not spared on the floor but draped over a lounge, and the head of the tiger would give the Crook case for a suit for libel. Fortunately for the manager of the Adelphi Theatre and Charles Hawtrey, under whose benign auspices "Three Weeks" was produced, Crook is at his place just out of Dublin.

Mr. Hawtrey was quite pleased with the production. The play has been stopped in London by the English censor for public performances. There are many reasons why it should not be. Outside of any question of morality or immorality, the main reason is that the play is not interesting, and that should stop it anywhere, censor or no censor. Purple clothes and tiger skin rugs don't make a drama.

The Jeanne Russell Co., assisted by local talent, will participate on Friday evening of this week, in an entertainment to be given at the Thistle Rink for the benefit of the sufferers from the Fernie fire. The seating capacity of the auditorium should be taxed.

On Thursday evening Mr. Harold Nelson, who needs no introduction to Edmonton, opened at the Edmonton Opera House in his latest romantic drama success "The Slave and the Princess." On Saturday afternoon and evening he plays "Facing the Music."

FIRST NIGHTER.

NEXT WEEK AT THE DOMINION

The New Dominion Theatre under management of Brandon Brothers and the splendid entertainment by Jeanne Russell Company, have set a theatrical pace that has never before been known in Edmonton, and one that will be hard to maintain or follow. The productions given twice each week by the very capable company would do justice to any city in the country and are in every way worthy of the high class patronage they receive. Each production is well balanced and shows a careful and thorough study and preparation even to the minutest detail. The S.B.O. sign is very frequently displayed at the Dominion, and that is the one regret that the theatre is not of sufficient size to accommodate the company or the people properly.

Next week's offering will be "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," said to be the most laughable comedy now upon the stage.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a comparatively new play even in the east, and Edmonton is and ought to be proud of a stock company producing such high class, up-to-date plays.

RICHARDS AND PRINGLE'S MINSTRELS.

A big programme of novelties is promised by Richards and Pringle's famous minstrels this season when they play at the Edmonton Opera House on Wednesday, August 12th. There is a double edition of comedi-

ans led by the old-time favorites, Charles Fox and Pete Woods. The first part is a dream of splendour styled "The meeting of the Alani." The Nightingale Quartette is also a big feature. This quartette is considered one of the best on the minstrel stage; prominent in the olio are several very expensive acts, such as "Craig, the Human Gipsy," "Mabel the Mystifying," the silver shod dancing sextette in the very poetry of motion. J. W. Cooper and his wooden-headed family; Clarence Powell, the man who can shoot his head in a big musical burlesque, "When the troops struck town," introducing the entire strength of the company.

Another of the popular sacred Sunday evening concerts will be given in the Edmonton Opera House tomorrow evening, commencing at 9 o'clock. The programme for this week includes musical numbers by Miss Mary Gerding, Mr. F. A. Whitby, and the orchestra.

THE Y.M.C.A. GIPSY TENT.

"Edmonton, Edmonton, Y.M.C.A. Rah-rah-rah, sis-boom-bah, Gipsy, gipsy, back from a tripsy, Rumble, bumble, boo! a baloo, Whistle, thistle, boo-ka-zoo."

This was the camp "yell" of the Y.M.C.A. Gipsies last week on their trip to Millet and back, and they started the new town on route as they drove through with their strange looking Gipsy wagon, giving their "yell" and singing as they went.

The Gipsy trip was the first of its kind planned for by the Y.M.C.A. and the boys who went were only sorry that they could not have an entire week of the same kind of life. The party carried their tents, cooking utensils, etc., in a large dray specially fitted up for the purpose. Banner hanging from the sides announced them as the "Edmonton Y.M.C.A. Gipsies Boys' Department."

They camped at will on the road, eating good country food, running, swimming, and playing in their spare time.

The party left the Y.M.C.A. build-

ing on Monday morning, July 27th, under the charge of the Boys' Work Secretary, and camped that night near Oskewan Station, Tuesday, little progress was made owing to the rain which had set in. Arrangements were made at Leduc for a baseball game to be played on the return trip. That night the party slept in a hay loft as the ground was still damp, and next day Millet was reached. Thursday was spent camping on the Pipestone, and on Friday Leduc was again reached, when the baseball game was played with a team picked from the men of that town and although the boys were defeated they piled up 15 runs for themselves in a nine innings game.

Saturday was spent mostly on the road, and at 8:30 that evening the Association Building was reached when hearty cheers were given for the trip and the Y.M.C.A., after which all the Gipsies had a bath and then adjourned to their homes feeling greatly benefited by the week's outing.

During the trip Bible study was carried on at convenient times and the camp fire talks were especially helpful. Associations always look to the summer camp as a splendid chance to get near to the boys, and there will no doubt be much good result from this, the first camp conducted by the local Association.

WHAT A VISITOR THOUGHT OF EDMONTON TELEPHONES.

The editor of the Vancouver Saturday Sunset writes: "On recent occasions I have had opportunity to observe the workings of an automatic telephone system in Portland and Edmonton. In comparison with the classic system in use in this city, the automatic exchange is one long series of delightful surprises."

Think of the simplicity and ease of making your own connection. The simple expedient of setting the number you want on a dial and then pressing the button. You have none of the exasperating waits for Central to attend your line and ask you for the required number, with which every telephone user in the city is familiar. Instead of waiting to be asked by an over-worked or inattentive operator, you take the number you want. If the line you ring up is busy you get a signal which indicates that fact, and you know it is busy. If you get your connection you may ring as often as is necessary to attract the attention of the line called and you do your own ringing. You don't have to wait an operator's pleasure for a chance to tell her you have got your connection.

Then when you get through a conversation and want to get another line immediately, consider the advantage of instant and automatic disconnection, when you hang up your receiver. How different in the case of the manual system in which several minutes may elapse before your line is disconnected. The manual system is obsolete, out of date, and totally inadequate to the demands of modern business. It is impossible to get a prompt service and there is always the presence of a third party on the line which, of course, is an impossibility in the automatic system. In the automatic exchange which I visited in Edmonton it is impossible for the single operator employed there to look after the exchange, to overhear a conversation on lines in operation. There is no such thing possible as crossed lines and third parties hearing what is said, as is so often the case with the manual system. It would be impossible, for instance to have a "listening" board such as was shown to be in use in Toronto. I had occasion to use the telephone in both cities frequently and the speed, accuracy and fine speaking quality of the services in both cities were a refreshing contrast to the exasperating delays and indifference of operators to which one is invariably subject over the local lines.

Edmonton OPERA HOUSE

WED., Aug. 12

Richards & Pringle's FAMOUS MINSTRELS

THE ONE RECOGNIZED ETHIOPIAN COMPANY FOR 30 YEARS THE PACEMAKERS

Big Free Street Parade at Noon.

Grand Open Air Concert In front of theatre, 7.30 p.m.

Everybody goes to the Minstrels; they can't help it. They are irresistible.

Send Your Job Printing To The News Publishing Co.

EXCURSION

TO
PACIFIC COAST
VIA

The Canadian Pacific Railway

Single Fare plus \$2.00 FOR ROUND TRIP

Tickets on Sale August 17th, 18th and 19th Good for sixty days from date of sale. Stop overs allowed in either direction.

FULL PARTICULARS FROM

J. E. Proctor R. L. Pickell
District Passenger Agent City Ticket Agent
Calgary, Alta. Phone 1151 Edmonton



W. R. Hartley

Manufacturer of
AERATED WATERS
CIDERS, ETC.

Cor. of JASPER and SECOND ST.

The man that makes those fruit flavored drinks, so often imitated but never equalled. Sold Everywhere.

Ask for and see you get

Hartley's

Families Supplied. Phone 2312

The Saturday News

A welcome week-end visitor to hundreds of Alberta homes.

If you are not a regular subscriber, would it not be well worth your while to become one ? ? ? ? ?

Or have you not a friend at a distance whom you would be glad to send it to as a weekly reminder of yourself ?

Delivered anywhere in Edmonton, Two Dollars per year.

To Outside Points, One Dollar and a Half.

Office of publication :

39 HOWARD STREET (DIRECTLY BEHIND THE BANK OF MONTREAL)

AUTOMATIC PHONE 1961



Toronto Saturday Night makes this interesting comment: "Longboat riding in a cab, came in fifth in the great Marathon race. It ended all our racy hopes. The Indian collapsed in the twentieth mile, after having got away from most of those among his competitors who had been regarded as dangerous rivals. It must not be forgotten that he was the man all the other runners were watching, so that he could neither sprint ahead or slow down without having others at his heels. The despatches seem to show that the best men ran themselves off their feet in the first ten or twelve miles and had not sufficient strength left with which to finish the distance. But it is idle to seek explanations. It is enough to know that our great Indian runner, RIDING IN A CAB, came in fifth, and was greeted with the hoarse laughter of the visitors from the United States, who were gathered about. Thousands of people were assembled in the streets in Toronto, watching the bulletin boards in front of the newspaper offices; men stood ready to foot the great steam whistles of all the factories in Toronto and of all the boats in the harbor; in a thousand towns and villages people were awaiting the word—arrived in the streets never came. Outside the field of athletics, and among the general public there appeared to exist no doubt whatever that Longboat would win that race, and when you come to think of it nothing could well be more surprising than the universal interest taken in this Indian with the gifted feet. You could meet nobody, whatever his sphere in life might be, but he revealed his interest in the outcome of the race. Just before the Dominion Parliament closed its session at Ottawa some appropriations were being voted through, among others the grant of ten thousand dollars as a national contribution to the summer Olympic games, and the grant was voted with enthusiasm, many members shouting the name of Longboat. That joyous moment in a young country's life is here mentioned as a pleasant memory, now that our hopes have been dashed!

It was not only the races he had won, but the race he sprang from that excited all this interest in Longboat and caused the average person, who knew nothing of such matters, to put faith in him. As readers of fiction in our youth we had gathered the notion that the red man was tireless in his long journey, and we saw in this runner a throw-back to one of his lean, rangy ancestors who used to jog fifty miles of a morning to gather a scalp or preserve his name. Yet, when you investigate, you will find that there is little any race ever did without finding that the whites could outstrip them. The purpose and worth of the game was made apparent.

Perhaps Longboat was discovered a year too soon to win a Marathon. No doubt he would have won it had the contest been held off last year. The question that now presents itself is, What of the future of this young man? Great three years ago he was pursuing his humble way as a youth on the Indian Reservation, with enough intelligence to answer his needs and wit enough industry to die his dinner, when somebody came along and observed that he could lope at a good pace. He was lured into a civilization he could not comprehend, carried far and near on swift trains, cheered by tens of thousands of people, whisked from one excitement to another, until now he is in the great trial, he announces that he will race no more. What will he do? It can scarcely be expected that he will return to the quiet life of the Reserve, where his early days were spent."

The report of the death of Dorando, the Italian runner, must have recalled to the minds of persons the tragic death of Renforth, the great oarsman from Newcastle-on-Tyne. At the Paris Exposition held nearly forty years ago, a four-oared crew from the city of Newcastle won the great regatta. Second in the race was the Newcastle crew, of which Renforth was a member. He was the champion single sculler of the world, and until the defeat of his crew at Paris his four had been unbeaten. When the world's championship was thought to be his, Renforth was issued a challenge to the St. John crew, and the race was rowed on the Kennebecasis river, a branch of the St. John, a short distance from the sea. The day before the race Renforth said to his men: "The boat that leads at Appleby's wharf going will win the race." Appleby's

wharf was a mile from the starting point. It was a beautiful race from the start to a few hundred yards from the wharf, the boat being even. Then the St. John boat began to move ahead, and Renforth said, "Hit her up, boys," and leaped forward for a mighty effort. But although his men responded, the struggle was in vain. St. John crept ahead. The thousands on the shore and in craft of all kinds were wild with excitement, when suddenly Renforth threw up his hands and fell backward. His comrades headed their shell towards the shore, and although the great oarsman's heart was beating when he was tenderly lifted from his seat, in a few minutes he was dead. Some said that the final effort was too great; others said that more depended upon the race than any one knew, and that when he saw it was lost, his heart was broken. It was perhaps the saddest tragedy in the history of aquatics.—Victoria Colonist.

The cricketers of Saskatchewan are sending a team representative of the province to play a series of games in Winnipeg. Among the players is W. Stuckey of Regina, formerly of Wetsakwin. A despatch from Regina says that "he has always shown best against Edmonton, where he is much feared." The enterprise shows that the game is flourishing in the sister province. Why should not an interprovincial match between Alberta and Saskatchewan be arranged before the close of the season? An Albertan cricket association, which could take up such projects as this, is an absolute necessity. The game is to make much progress and we are not to allow the material within our borders to go to waste.

What good cricketers we have in Edmonton, of whom few had any knowledge was illustrated on Saturday, when a team representing the golf club played a representative eleven from the cricket club and won out. The cricket club made 123 for eight wickets and declared the innings closed, the golfers responding with 122 for seven. The winners, had put together 41 in masterly style when he was run out. Chattell contributed 22, Bell 13, Farlee 12, Van Hatten 15, Sanders 10, and Kirkpatrick 10. Only one of those who wickets failing to get into double figures. For the first time Burtenshaw was effective as always, scoring 57 runs.

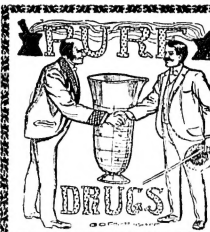
When two such teams can be put in the field, why shouldn't we have a city league? With a little effort it is not too difficult to organize three or four different elevens on this side of the river and with one in Strathcona, the game would be largely independent of outside influences. It seems practically impossible to secure in any numbers. It is too late to do anything this year, but if steps are taken along these lines in Edmonton, it may be made one of the best cricketing centres in the country.

During the recent match between Yorkshire and Kent, Lord Hawke was presented with a testimonial subscribed for by the general public to mark the twenty-fifth year of his captaincy of the Yorkshire county club. His lordship has scored 13,000 runs for the county. Cricket, perhaps, owes more to Lord Hawke than to any other player. Yet, in the present popular captains in England today. It is said that this will be the last year of his captaincy, and it is certainly will be a fitting wind-up to his career if Yorkshire win the championship again.

Up to the time of writing Yorkshire is still unbeaten in the county championships with Surrey and Kent close up. Jessop was excellent recently in the batting averages of 51.1 per cent. His batting is a fine hitting matter. He gives the crowds some wonderful treats this summer. The success of a player of his caliber helps the game to a remarkable extent from a spectator's standpoint.

A friend of this department of the Saturday News furnishes me with the following extract from a letter received by him from the Old Country, which deals with a certain much-discussed phase of the Olympic games:

"It would be too much to expect such a big set of games to pass over without some little friction. The attitude of the Americans, however, is hardly conducive to harmony. The outbreak is a fact that our officials made a few silly blunders, which were due to oversight and a want of thought. These consisted of the placing of the American flag with other nations' flags on the opening day, the failure to officially welcome the Olympic representatives from the States in a proper and considerate manner, and the unfortunate arrangements of the heats (1 and 2) in the 150 metre run, wherein the best Americans clashed. Our committee took offence (and naturally so) but instead of recognizing these omissions and faults as due to oversight and a want of thought, they are put down to the greatest problems of Imperial policy are concerned with Asiatic countries having many times the population of the Dominion. It is perhaps because Canadian visitors to London so often encounter these vestiges of the old ignorance and difference that they are apt to



A fresh shipment of DELICIOUS CHOCOLATES just received

Geo. H. Graydon, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, King Edward Pharmacy
PHONE 1411 260 Jasper Avenue East

and our cousins evidently think their rules and methods should alone figure in athletics.

An incident happened at the games on Thursday, which can only be termed unfortunate. It was in the final of the 400 metres, in which Halswell and three Americans were in opposition. At the start of the race the two of the Americans set a tremendous pace with Halswell third. The latter assumed second place at the bottom bend, but when he challenged the leader swinging into the straight, Carpenter impeded him by running the Englishman right across the track. The umpire at that point once held up his hand and the officials at the finish broke the tape signifying no race. It was the most disgraceful and flagrant case of impeding the writer has ever seen at a long association with athletics. The officials disqualified Carpenter, who did the boring, and have ordered the race to be re-run at a Saturday afternoon string. Our Association ought to disqualify Carpenter from ever running in England again, and if the A.A.U. of America do not endorse the ruling, we should never again compete with Americans.

To turn to the other events, Kerr of Canada just got home in the 300 metres 22.5 seconds but he is very stale and not running as he did. The defeat of the Americans in both the two short sprints is a bitter blow to them as one they will not get over in a hurry.

Edmonton's leadership in the baseball league has been seriously challenged during the past week. Wetsakwin winning on Friday by 4-3, while Camrose pulled out a spectacular contest on Monday by 1-0. McCasker of Camrose struck out no fewer than 14 men. Vining pitched for Edmonton. Against Wetsakwin Mills and Miller were on the slab.

The sports at the Fort Saskatchewan fair were the main source of attraction for the large crowd which gathered from all over this part of the province. The five mile road race brought out eight starters. Fraser, of Fort Chipewyan, who came to the fore in connection with the Empire Day race, won fairly easily, doing the distance in 29 minutes 29 seconds. Gordon of Fort Saskatchewan was second, running behind with McCaughy of Edmonton third. Fraser's prize was a splendid silver cup, Gordon's a gold and McCaughy's a silver medal. These were presented by Hon. W. T. Finlay. The horse races were followed with keen interest. Bermuda Queen won the free-for-all, trot or stake race in three straight heats. Ingham captured the one mile dash, free for all, while Minnie D. after a struggle, won in the half mile dash for ponies. Little Jim, owned by James Skinner of Edmonton, won by a neck from Dandy, owned by J. L. Porte of Strathcona, in a half-mile matched race. The usual match between Edmonton and Fort resulted in a win for the representatives of the capital by 7 to 3.

COVER POINT.

With the Investor.

(Continued from page 2)
A BRITISH COMPREHENSION IN CANADA.
"It is not altogether a pleasing task to recall the years, which many can still remember, when Canada was still an unknown land to the eyes of the average Briton. Even now, despite the spectacular development of her illimitable West, and the educational work carried on by Canada, there are people in the Mother country who think that "B.C." refers to the pre-Christian age, and to not one of the most fertile and populous of the provinces of the Dominion. Only the other day Lord Avebury forgot that the great ports of Halifax and St. John are in Canadian, not American, territory. It is still true that the geography of Asia is better known to many Britons than that of Canada—a fact which is perhaps excusable when it is remembered that some of the greatest problems of Imperial policy are concerned with Asiatic countries having many times the population of the Dominion. It is perhaps because Canadian visitors to London so often encounter these vestiges of the old ignorance and difference that they are apt to

undervalue the very real and profitable confidence that is being displayed in their country by the general British public. To gauge the extent and to appraise the value of that confidence one has only to glance back over the past few months and call to mind the huge total of the British capital that has during that period found investment in Canadian securities and enterprises. Dominion Government issues have called for millions, and not called in vain. The provinces have tested the sources of their credit, and they have stood the test. The already great and well-established railroad has been applied for means for their development, only to meet with as ready a response as the appeals of new and possibly even greater projects whose success depends upon the future. The capital of Canadian banks has been increased. Cities, both Eastern and Western, have had to find money to finance the needs of their growing population. Industrial companies have seized the opportunity to strengthen themselves and equip themselves to cope with the increased demand for their products, and for the means to do so have applied to the same providers. The total is huge, and rather than showing any signs of decrease, the flow of this stream of lifeblood is constantly increasing in volume, the results of the past having merely given birth to fresh confidence for the future, fresh readiness to seize new opportunities which experience argues to be as promising as the old have proved themselves to be.

British capital may well be called the life-blood of Canada, since, flowing in streams from the heart, it invests in the country, the very lifeblood of the Dominion itself, as it passes, spreading out widely at every halting place wherever the current runs less than the shape of the land tends to the original possessors, only to be returned over its old course again with renewed power. From each influx of capital wisely invested in the country, every dweller in the Dominion must profit, to a greater or less degree, it is true, but that degree is self-apportioned almost entirely by his own capacity to create a profitable position for himself. No mine, however rich, can be exploited without machinery or without labour, no source of supply can be made profitable without the creation of demand. The development of the Dominion is a process, and the words are fast becoming trite, and stand in some danger of being spoken with the lack of comprehension that often accompanies a popular phrase. Only let the Dominion realize that development possibilities be deeply recognized by those who direct it, only let the opportunity to create be seized by those who have the hands the source of power is placed, let but every official or operator, townsman or farmer, mechanic or labourer, realize that his true worth his share in the benefits that accrue to him from the better knowledge of his country on the part of the investing British public, and the Dominion will be a land of doors, less of "separate nationhood," less of preferential treaties with foreign countries, and more of unity and prosperity within the Empire.

Let every Canadian grasp the fact that whatever money he has in his pocket is a portion of the capital lent to Canada by Great Britain, and he will not make too much of a trifling geographical mistake. In any case, the number of British investors interested in so many vast undertakings in all parts of the world that they may be pardoned for forgetting,

say, that Vancouver is not situated on Vancouver Island. "Members of nations employed in world-business ought to not to be expected to burden their mind with details."—Canada."

The Calgary Trade Journal has this to say: "If we remember rightly, General Manager Morse, of the Grand Trunk Pacific, made the promissory statement some time ago that so soon as the company had decided upon a junction point on the main line, it would build and operate a branch line into Calgary. The company has decided upon its junction point at Saskatoon. The promise made by Mr. Morse to Calgary is not being kept. The main line is going to Edmonton. Branch lines from all directions are going to Edmonton. The Lacrosse branch of the C.P.R. goes into Edmonton. The Wetsakwin branch of the C.P.R. runs into Edmonton; the C.N.R. runs to Edmonton, and other lines are promised a terminus in Edmonton."

"And yet Calgary is nursing its distention of being the wholesale centre of the Dominion, with a sword of Damocles hanging over its head. . . . It must be evident, to those who will see that, in a short time, Edmonton will be a stronger and better position than Calgary as a wholesale distributing point, if it gets the railways and Calgary gets none. The flow of trade should open an active campaign to have branch lines brought to Calgary. Its efforts should be directed with a purpose in the conviction that duty causes there only where power fails." We believe the board of trade has the power to accomplish something in this direction, if itself itself the reputation of being a tip-top talking machine."

Note and Comment

(Continued from page 1)
to the Dominion had such a law been in force here for the last score of years? How many companies must in that event have established plants in Canada to hold their rights? Again, how many patents are there which are not worked at all, either here or anywhere else, but are taken out and held to prevent the disorganization of present methods by the adoption of cheaper and better ones. The new enactment, "If you take out a patent you must work it here or let somebody else work it," ensures that to serve the interests of capital the public shall not be deprived of the benefits investigators who invent new machines and processes, nor they of the reward of their labor. By all means let us have it in Canada."

The development is a most interesting one and is well worth giving close consideration to.

The Fernie that was.

(Continued from page 2)
On the Great Northern tracks, ensconced under a high bluff, a large party of Fernie people passed the night, taken there by a Great Northern train. Fifteen ladies slept in an unfinished coke oven. One of them was the wife of the general manager of the coal company, Mrs. J. D. Hurd, who was most unwillingly forced from her house by engineer Green, who is building the steel tipline at Homer. Now, curiously enough, Mrs. Hurd's home is one of the very few standing in Fernie, untouched by fire.

It pays to Advertise



CLARENCE POWELL, Comedian
With Richards & Pringle's famous minstrels at the Opera House, Wednesday, Aug. 12.

Edmonton OPERA HOUSE

All Next Week

Every night (except Wednesday)
and Saturday Matinee

HAROLD NELSON

and AN EXCELLENT COMPANY

Popular Prices:
15c, 25c, 35c, and 50c.

DODGE'S CONFECTIONERY and ICE CREAM PARLOR

Everything quite up to date.

Afternoon Teas a specialty.

442 JASPER AVENUE EAST
(Crown's old stand)

DOMINION Theatre

OOR. THIRD ST. and JASPER
PHONE 1340

STARTING
MONDAY, AUG. 10th

Jeanne Russell Co.
IN

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram"

Souvenir Matinee, Wednesday
Night, Wed. Night

Prices: 15c, 25c, 35c
MATINEES, 10c, & 25c.

Music and Drama

Whenever an exceptional play is presented in Edmonton, the greatest praise that you can give it is to say that it is the best that has been given here "since Mrs. Fiske." This is a remark that has very frequently been heard during the present week in reference to "The Young Mrs. Winthrop" which was given by the Jeanne Russell Company at the Dominion Theatre on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. With this popular verdict the Saturday News thoroughly agrees. The fact is that at popular prices this talented stock company is giving a series of plays of a standard far beyond anything that we have in the past been accustomed to.

"The Young Mrs. Winthrop" is by a master-playwright, Bronson Howard, and is an adequate vehicle for the talent of any actor, no matter what his enmities. In the hands of barnstormers, it would be ridiculous. But the way in which that wonderfully clever fourth act was given at the Dominion this week would not have been out of place on any metropolitan stage. It will long remain the pleasantest kind of a memory to those who witnessed it. Miss Russell, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Caldwell have in other plays given evidence of genuine ability, but it remained for them to gather around the table for the reading of the papers of separation for those who have followed their work to realize what artists they are. "Artists" is a strong word to apply to members of a stock company playing at popular prices in an outpost of empire. But in this instance it is not misused.

Two recent recruits to the organization made their first appearance on Monday night, Miss Gertrude Stone and Miss Bessie Cooney. Both are a source of strength. Miss Stone, though her part was a comparatively minor one, acted with a spirit and a keen appreciation of its fine points, which made one look forward to her appearance in "Sappho" at the end of the week. The Saturday News unfortunately goes to press too early to give an adequate notice of this production in the current issue. Miss Cooney, as Edith, the blind girl, was also excellent, while the other members of the cast fully sustained their reputations. No one who wishes to see the best of plays put on by a thoroughly capable company should fail to visit the Dominion. Once he does so, he will often return. Having thus paid my respects to a performance, which I believe is worthy of the highest praise, I cannot refrain from referring to a part of the programme, the introduction of which was a mystery. Why, between the acts of a play that was up to the standard of the most exacting playgoer, should a supposed vocalist be allowed on the stage to make hideous a quarter of an hour, and to destroy the effect on the minds of the audience of all the clever work that had gone before. Let's hope it was simply a sad mistake which is not likely to occur again.

When Robert Mantell and his company of players were at Salt Lake City recently, Rev. F. B. Short, the pastor of the First Methodist church in that city, declared that he would attend any of the performances. He frankly confessed that he would like to see that eminent actor and his company, and he witnessed the performance. He admitted the inference that he believed he could get something of value from so doing.

But, he said, the Methodist Episcopal Church has fixed its canon against the theatre.

The Inter-Mountain Republican, a leading daily newspaper of Salt Lake City, made Rev. Mr. Short utterance the text of an editorial.

Said the Republican: The recent General Conference has made some modifications in that rule, certainly many good men and women belonging to that and every other Church do go to the theatre. And we can not believe they are hurt by it—providing they choose with any care the theatres they visit.

For example, nothing could be more uplifting, more educative, more refining, than the witnessing of "Hamlet," as Mr. Mantell and his company play it. The same is true of every play they have in the present engagement. And we regard it as a distinct misfortune that a man of Mr. Short's talent and perception is barred from the good that he certainly would derive from presence at the theatre this week.

Of course he is right. His Church has forbidden it, and he is a good enough soldier to obey orders. He gives no offence by asserting his superiority to the rule of the body within which he has chosen his life.

And no child of his Church can excuse imprudent action by saying he followed his pastor's example, and went to the theatre, to his final undoing. In the further course which lay beyond that outpost of his permission.

There are plays a-plenty that should not be seen by anyone. And actors, too. These are not all of the theatre, nor any of it, if one may speak exactly. And there are plays that everyone should see; with which everyone should be fam-

iliar, and without which one loses much of that education which life is all too short to give, at best.

Men and women cannot be bad and present spectacles as the Mantell players present it. And the fact that misses Shakespeare is poorer than it need be. One may read it. Every educated man and every educated woman does read it. But reading is not enough. Every passage has riches which only those who devote years to study can find. And in the acting they give to the public all the splendour of those plays, the greatest, the most wise and most wonderful that have place in the accomplishments of time.

It is unfortunate that any man of brains should be deprived of these advantages. Maybe it will not always be so.

Mrs. Elinore Glyn's much-talked-of novel, "Three Weeks," has been dramatized and was given a try-out at the Adelphi Theatre in London with Mrs. Glyn as the heroine. The New York Herald's correspondent has eabled the following comment on the play to his paper:

"Three Weeks" as a play is quite as unsatisfactory as "Three Weeks" as a novel. The play was given this afternoon at the Adelphi Theatre before a crowded audience of invited guests. The novel has been given to us at five shillings a throw wherever you could get it when the police weren't looking. I read the novel and saw the play and am ashamed of both. Mrs. Elinore Glyn, who wrote the story and dramatized it, also acted the part of the heroine with some questionable character. In spots she acted very well. That is, in weak spots. It was a lucky thing for her that there was at least thirty minutes' wait between every two acts, otherwise she would have lost her voice for



Georgia Minstrels, Edmonton Opera House, Wednesday, August 12th.

sure in one or two of the long scenes in which she was forced to be present.

She practically stepped on her voice, or throttled it, I am not sure which, but I know that the result was a gurgle. The main point is, "Three Weeks" be a success in New York.

The performance this afternoon was only a try-out. Now, as to New York, it is, of course, a very difficult matter to answer. I suspect, however, that the police force there is still active and that human intelligence is not at a discount. With those handicaps it is hard to see how "Three Weeks" can last for much more than three hours.

It should be recorded to the everlasting glory of Mrs. Glyn that she acted a most difficult part in the most conscientious and captivating manner. While it is her fault that she wrote the book, it is to her credit that she could portray the image of her brain so cleverly. A thousand persons or so present this afternoon were almost shocked by her knowledge of stagecraft. Mrs. Glyn had never acted before, but she certainly should again. But, please, Mrs. Glyn, stop writing novels and act! You will be liked better.

The famous tiger skin which is so conspicuous in the novel, of course, appeared in the play. It was not spared on the floor but draped over a lounge, and the head of the tiger would give Richard Croker due cause for suit for libel. For the manager of the Adelphi Theatre and Charles Hawtrey, under whose benign auspices "Three Weeks" was produced, Croker is at his place just out of Dublin.

Mr. Hawtrey was quite pleased with the production.

The play has been topped in London by the English censor for public performances. There are many reasons why it should not be. Outside of any question of morality or immorality, the main reason is that the play is not interesting, and that should stop it anywhere, censor or no censor. Purple clothes and tiger skin rugs don't make a drama.

The Jeanne Russell Co., assisted by local talent, will participate on Friday evening of this week, in an entertainment to be given at the Thistle Rink for the benefit of the sufferers from the Fernie fire. The seating capacity of the auditorium should be taxed.

On Thursday evening Mr. Harold Nelson, who needs no introduction to Edmonton, opened at the Edmonton Opera House in his latest romantic drama success, "The Slave and the Princess." On Saturday afternoon and evening he plays "Facing the Music."

FIRST NIGHTER.

NEXT WEEK AT THE DOMINION

The New Dominion Theatre under management of Brandon Brothers and the splendid entertainment by Jeanne Russell Company, have set a theatrical pace that has never before been known in Edmonton, and one that will be hard to maintain or follow. The productions given twice each week by the very capable company would do justice to any city in the country and are in every way worthy of the high class patronage they receive. Each production is well balanced and shows a careful and thorough stage preparation even to the minutest detail. The S.R.O. sign is very frequently displayed at the Dominion, and that is the one regret that the theatre is not of sufficient size to accommodate the company or the people properly.

Next week's offering will be "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," said to be the most laughable comedy now upon the stage.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a comparatively new play even in the east, and Edmonton is and ought to be proud of a stock company producing such high class, up to date plays.

RICHARDS AND PRINGLE'S MINSTRELS.

A big programme of novelties is promised by Richards and Pringle's. Famous minstrels this season when they play at the Edmonton Opera House on Wednesday, August 12th. There is a double edition of comedi-

ing on Monday morning, July 27th, under the charge of the Boys' Work Secretary, and camped that night near Ootskan Station, Tuesday. Little progress was made owing to the rain which had set in. Arrangements were made at Leduc for a baseball game to be played on the return trip. That night the party slept in a hay loft as the ground was still damp, and next day Millet was reached. Thursday was spent camping on the Pipestone, and on Friday Leduc was again reached, when the baseball game was played with a team picked from the men of that town and although the boys were defeated they piled up 15 runs for themselves in a nine innings game.

Saturday was spent mostly on the road, and at 8.30 that evening the Association Building was reached when hearty cheers were given for the trip and the Y.M.C.A., after which all the Gipsies had a bath and then adjourned to their homes feeling greatly benefited by the week's outing.

During the trip Bible study was carried on at convenient times and camp meetings were especially helpful. Associations always look to the summer camp as a splendid chance to get near to the boys, and there will no doubt be much good result from this, the first camp conducted by the local Association.

WHAT A VISITOR THOUGHT OF EDMONTON TELEPHONES.

The editor of the Vancouver Saturday Sunset writes: "On recent occasions I have had opportunity to observe the workings of an automatic telephone system in Portland and Edmonton. In comparison with the obsolete system in use in this city, the automatic exchange is one long series of delightful surprises.

Think of the simplicity and ease of making your own connection by the simple expedient of setting the number you want on a dial and then pressing the button. You have none of the exasperating waits for Central to attend your line and ask you for the required number, with which every telephone user in the city is familiar. Instead of waiting to be asked by an over-worked or impatient operator, you take the number you want. If the line you ring up is busy you get a signal which indicates that fact, and you know it is busy. If you get your connection you may ring as often as is necessary to attract the attention of the line called and you do your own ringing. You don't have to wait an operator's pleasure for a chance to tell her you have got your connection.

Then when you get through a conversation and want to get another line immediately, consider the advantage of instant and automatic disconnection, when you hang up your receiver. How different in the case of the manual system, in which several minutes may elapse before your line is disconnected.

The manual system is obsolete, out of date, and totally inadequate to the demands of modern business. It is impossible to get a prompt service and there is always the presence of a third party on the line. Each, of course, is an impossibility in the automatic system. In the automatic exchange which I visited in Edmonton it is impossible for the single operator employed to look after the exchange, to overhear a conversation on lines in operation. There is no such thing possible as crossed lines and third parties hearing what is said, so often the case with the manual system. It would be impossible, for instance to have a "listening" heard such as was heard to be in use in Toronto. I had occasion to use the telephone in both cities frequently and the speed, accuracy and fine speaking quality of the services in both cities were a refreshing contrast to the exasperating delays and indifference of operators to which one is invariably subject over the local lines.

Edmonton OPERA HOUSE

WED., Aug. 12

Richards & Pringle's FAMOUS MINSTRELS

THE ONE RECOGNIZED ETHIOPIAN COMPANY

FOR 30 YEARS THE FACEMAKERS

Big Free Street Parade at Noon.

Grand Open Air Concert in front of theatre, 7.30 p.m.

Everybody goes to the Minstrels; they can't help it.

They are irresistible

EXCURSION

TO PACIFIC COAST VIA

The Canadian Pacific Railway

Single Fare plus \$2.00 FOR ROUND TRIP

Tickets on Sale August 17th, 18th and 19th Good for sixty days from date of sale. Stop overs allowed in either direction.

FULL PARTICULARS FROM J. E. Proctor R. L. Pickell District Passenger Agent City Ticket Agent Calgary, Alta. Phone 1151 Edmonton



W. R. Hartley

Manufacturer of AERATED WATERS CIDERS, ETC.

Cor. of JASPER and SECOND ST.

The man that makes those fruity flavored drinks, so often imitated but never equalled. Sold Everywhere.

Ask for and see You get Hartley's Families Supplied. Phone 2312

The Saturday News

A welcome week-end visitor to hundreds of Alberta homes.

If you are not a regular subscriber, would it not be well worth your while to become one ? ? ? ? ?

Or have you not a friend at a distance whom you would be glad to send it to as a weekly reminder of yourself ? ?

Delivered anywhere in Edmonton, Two Dollars per year.

To Outside Points, One Dollar and a Half.

Office of publication :

39 HOWARD STREET (DIRECTLY BEHIND THE BANK OF MONTREAL)

AUTOMATIC PHONE 1961

Send Your Job Printing

To The News Publishing Co.

Namayo ave.

Geo. S. Armstrong
DRUGGIST, Phone, 509, A.
Manufacturer of cures for all kinds
of Colds, Coughs, and Throat
Diseases.
Full stock of Drugs & Medicines.
Cor. Namayo and Boyle.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital and Reserve \$10,000,000

East End Branch

450 NAMAYO AVENUE

Deposits of \$1.00 and Upwards
Received and Interest Allowed

A. C. Fraser, Manager

The Caledonian House

Namayo Avenue and Clara Street
Direct Importer of Fancy and
Staple Dry Goods
Dress Making and Millinery
Boots and Shoes

Graham & Reid

FURNITURE DEALERS

Rugs Carpet Squares

453 Namayo Avenue

Frank Goard

405 Namayo Avenue
Select Stock of High Grade
Watches.
Clocks and Fine Jewelry.
Personal attention given to all
repairs. Work Guaranteed.

LaRose & Bell

FOR SALE—All classes of
Heavy and Light Horses.
Terms to suit on reasonable
security. Sales Stables.
Cor. Namayo and Rice.

Encourage your own business
street. Buy your Clothing, Boots
and Shoes, Hats and Caps and
Furnishings at

Mac's Clothing Store

Cor. of Namayo and Clara.

Andrews & Sons

Underlakers
624 Namayo Ave., Edmonton

Phone 1639 Ambulance Service

Fraser ave.

The Eclipse Livry

FEED AND SALE STABLE
Mason & Ervin, Proprietors
Smart Higgs
Phone 1232 204 Fraser Ave.

Queens ave.

Henry Wilson

44 Queen's
Groceries, canned goods and
provisions.
The finest line of Teas in the city.
Prompt delivery.

Dr. W. A. Scott

Veterinary Surgeon and Horse
Dentist.
Office and hospital at Phone
476 Queens Ave. 1823

EDMONTON HOTELS

The Jasper House

Jasper Avenue East, Edmonton
\$1.50 per Day
L. A. GOODRIDGE, Proprietor

The Chicago Restaurant

822 First Street - (Reed & Hines)
Meals at all hours
Rooms in connection. Moderate
Prices. First Class Service.

OUR ICE CREAM

Touches the right spot this
hot weather.

Hamilton's
Ice Cream Parlors
405 NAMAYO

Potter & McDougall
CITY TRANSFER CO.

Business transferred to any part of the city.
Household and office calls.
High Class Seals, Floor, Feed and Foultry Supplies
Phone 1914

Edmonton the Beautiful

A striking tribute from a British
Columbia journalist.

The editor of the Vancouver Sun-
day Sunset who recently visited
Edmonton contributes the following
to his paper:

"There are few townships in
Canada to compare in loveliness
with that of Edmonton. I doubt if
there is one other inland site which
could be said to be an improve-
ment. Edmonton's climate in sum-
mer is well well perfect; in winter
it is clear, bracing and often mild.
Whether cold or mild, it is pleasant.
Edmonton, being the capital, is
bound to become the social and
educational center, if not the
commercial metropolis, of the province.

It will probably be the center of
a territory as large as that of Win-
nipeg for it extends to the Arctic
regions on one side and half way to
Calgary on the south, east until met
by the influence of Winnipeg, and
west to the Coast. This territory
will of course be delimited to some
extent by the manipulation of
freight rates, but in any event Ed-
monton has a territory all its own
equal to an empire in extent and
natural wealth. Edmonton will be
the Queenly city for its grand
hills and majestic river contribute
features unique in prairie cities.
That Edmonton will be a railway
centre second only to Winnipeg is
also apparent. The C.N.R. is al-
ready in the city. The C.P.R. must
come in, the G.T.P. will be there
as soon as it can be constructed.
The network of branch lines gird-
ling the country for 500 to 1000
miles north, east and west which all
these lines will build, will all lead
to Edmonton. As a grain producer
the Edmonton country takes first
place rank in the world. It will
probably be the greatest oat pro-
ducer in the world. The Edmonton
country is covered by 98 bushels to
the acre. Sixty is common. Wheat
is proportionately good. It grows
1400 miles north. All the fur
trade of the north will centre in
Edmonton as it has for three quar-
ters of a century. The products of
the far northern wilderness and
those of the highest development of
civilization will each contribute to
the wealth and growth of Edmonton.
Edmonton will surely be the Prairie
Queen of Canadian cities.

BRUCE.

Mr. Edison's Sleep Theory Fallacious.

A reader sends the following:
"The frequently published state-
ment of Thomas A. Edison to the
effect that 'sleep is a habit' is
cropped up again in a recent issue
of your paper. Such a statement
seems to me to be as fallacious as
the claim that the round world pro-
test."

Mr. Edison says substantially
that if he always lived in the
sunlight they would not sleep, de-
ducting from the fact that the eyes
are not used much at night, that
rest is entirely unnecessary.

That a man of Mr. Edison's abili-
ties should make such a statement
suggests that he has the interests of
his patents more at heart than
the enlightenment of his neighbors.
The sense of hearing, of smell and
of touch are, to a large part, dormant
at night, even as dormant as that
of sight, for it is as possible to
open a man's eyes in the light be-
fore his eyes as it is to shout in
his ear. It is evident from this,
that the senses take a rest at night,
that the nerves are less sensitive to
impression; in fact, that the whole
system undergoes a necessary pro-
cess of recuperation from which the
only medicine is that half-sleep or
the mystery of sleep.

As a professional man, it seems
to me that Mr. Edison's theory is
fallacious. Reflex nervous action,
one of the most prolific sources of
trouble, arises usually from eye
strain, the direct result of contin-
ued exposure. The eye is particu-
larly subject to muscular exhaustion,
and more so under concentration
upon any object, as when at
work, or under false conditions.
This arises from what is called ac-
commodation, a muscular effort of
the eye under concentration.
The normal eye does not require
as much rest or sleep as the mal-
formed, from which it is only logical
to conclude that to double the strain
even upon a superior organ as con-
tinued use might evolve, would
speedily result in more than double
the irregularities of sight which
today have such a disorienting effect
upon the nervous system. By no
stretch of the imagination could the
above eye obtain the required rest
under such conditions, and we must
suppose that the rest of the body
would be subject to the same in-
convenience.

Mr. Edison experimented with 100
men, and if the experiments were
as successful as reported, their eyes
must have been normal, a very
difficult condition considering the
fact that nearly all eyes are not so.
To conclude, we believe that the
age is altogether too sensitive
to withstand continued exposure.
It is a well-known fact that all an-
imals sleep, even the lowest forms
of animal life being guilty of the

frightful waste of time that Mr.
Edison complains of. More peculiar
still, some of them sleep during the
daytime, a fact which proves that
lack of sleep is not the only pro-
ducer of sleepiness. We dislike
to contradict such distinguished
authority, but, nevertheless, we
implied to offer this feeble protest
in the interests of those who might
otherwise be foolish enough to sit
up all night to disprove his
theory."

When will the Elections be held.

The Montreal Herald, which is
usually well-informed has this to
say regarding the possibility of a
Dominion general election this fall:
"Mr. Connors, M.P., is confident
that there will be no Dominion gen-
eral election before next summer.
Others, forming a large majority,
are equally confident the polling
will take place in the third or
fourth week of October. The curi-
osity on the subject is as general as
it is natural."

There being no compelling
reason for an election just now,
the decision must be made to suit
the convenience of the party in office.
Those Liberals who favor an election
in October argue that in view of
the way the Opposition carried on
their obstructive tactics last session,
it must be assumed that they will
be ready to vary the same game
next session, trumping up subjects
for investigation and denying a
supply for the services until a date
when Parliament must dissolve
through expiry of its mandate. It
is held that the Liberals would be
unwise to run risks of this sort of
embarrassment, especially when
there is a prospect of a legislative
session that could not be
just as well until after an
election. It is held, moreover, that
the time ought to be favorable,
considering the now all but assured
certainty of a bountiful crop in the
West, which will conduce to a
larger, and perhaps a complete, re-
newal of industrial and mercantile
activity, and of resulting regularity
in wage earning. Good times are
always considered to favor the party
in power. It is just here Mr. Con-
nors's objection comes in, for he
holds that the distribution of the
bounties to be derived from the
crop will not be general until next
spring. Other objects to a delay in
election from within the Liberal
party proceed from those who,
either because of defective organi-
zation or of other conditions, ap-
proach the issue. This feeling is
strongest in Ontario, where the
sweeping victory won by Mr. Whit-
ney in the local election makes Lib-
eral candidates for a delay in
order that they may be the
better measure the influence of the
Whitney victory upon their own
affairs. Any curiously that they
be as to the state of feeling in the
West will doubtless be set at rest
by the voting in the Saskatchewan
election, which will be over by the
middle of August.

An Amateur Highwayman

(Continued from page 3)
queen in England. In the meantime
I leave my heart in your keeping,
and am your most humble servant."
She turned from me with a half-
sigh of anger, and I used that her
handkerchief suffered woefully from
her straining fingers. Then I went
back to the drawing room, and so
out.

Charlie followed me into the road,
"You leave early, Charlie?" I
said.
"I have somewhat to do," he an-
swered.

"Lud, 'tis wonderful!" I cried.
"The laziest man in the Kingdom
in pursuit of something? What's the
mystery?"

"Mine own, Ronald, and no less
important than yours."
"You will not tell me," I in-
quired, in amazement for we were
wont to be confidential.

"It's nature will not admit of it,"
he answered. And later we parted.
I rode to the cottage at the foot
of the hill leading to Barabones
Heath. I had much time at my dis-
posal, and riding slowly, thoughtless
me gravely of the risk I ran. Then
the memory of my cousin's dastard
with effort to my reputation and
belittle my love to the Lady Betty
hardened me to a resolve to get
through with my undertaking in
spite of all dangers.
At the cottage I handed over my
back to my man, donned my riding
coat, saw to the priming of the pis-
tols in my holsters, looked to the
girls of Betty, and, finally, mused
The night was dark, the stars giving
little light for the presence of
heavy banking clouds. There was
no moon, and the air was very still,
a fitful wind now and again waked
muffled sounds among the trees. I
listened to the clatter of my man's
horse and the led one on which I
had ridden, and, as the noise grew
fainter, wished myself well out of
the business. Presently two coun-
trymen came riding down the road
toward me. Their loud and shrill
voices were welcome, giving my
thoughts a new turn. I stood to
my mare's head and watched, look-
ing from the shadow of the cot-
tage. The darkness was now grow-
ing so thick that I could make them out

with difficulty. They had apparent-
ly done some passably good business,
and were evidently primed with
strong liquors, for they spoke loudly
and laughed merrily. They rode
easily, none more than a walk, and
I could tell by the noise of their
horse's hoofs. When they were
abreast of my hiding place my
mare grew restless, and moved, the
noise of her movement, striking
sharply on the air. At the same
time an owl, disturbed by the noise,
flew out blindly with a melancholy
clump. At that the two men groaned
out loudly. I remembered the re-
putation the cottage had, and made
no doubt they took the noises for
supernatural agencies. The idea so
pleased my fancy that I shouted
with laughter. Even to my own
ears my laugh sounded most eerie,
and the two men with muffled cries
urged their horses to a halting gallop,
and fled up the hill.

In some little while I ventured out
upon the road and moved slowly up
the hill, so gaining the heath. I
made my hiding place beneath a
little clump of trees not a dozen
yards from the road and at the top
of the hill where it entered upon a
level meadow. I applied the horn of
my coach would nearly come to stand
still, and my work would be all the
easier for it. At my back a little
eased lane ran on to the heath. It
might have been the eighth of a mile
away. This lane gave me some con-
cern, for once I thought I caught
the sound of horses moving. It
sounded like the tramp of many
hoofs, but after a while of listening,
I came to the conclusion that my
ears had played me false.

Presently I caught the crack of a
whip, and soon after the sound of a
coach lumbering up the hill. I gath-
ered up my reins and drew out at a
pistol. The noise came nearer.
There was the tramp of many hoofs,
and the time was about the hour
I reckoned to meet with Lord
Sherrington. Now that the meet-
ing had grown so close I felt a
little nervous, and I drew my
adventure. I edged Betty away
from the clump of trees. As I did
so the coach topped the hill, and
the horses, with the sound of hoofs
steaming under the lights of the
lamps.

"Stand and deliver!" I cried sud-
denly, disguising my voice. I rode
up the side of the road and
showed my pistol.

"Drop the reins!" I shouted. The
coachman obeyed me, and the
horses, hearing their long
climb came to a halt.

The windows of the coach dropped
with a rattle.

"Fire, ladies, fire!" cried Lord
Sherrington, stretching his head out.
"Let fly at the rascal!"

"Sir, I beseech you have a care!"
The light in the carriage is a good
good for a bullet.

The two men in the rumble loosed
their pistols at me, but fright and
an ill acquaintance with shooting
kept the bullets far wide of their
aim.

"Drop your pistols or by the Lord
Harry my men will fire!" I cried, at
the same time turning to the trees
and merely working it.

"Cover them, ladies, and when I call
—fire and wing 'em!" I shouted.

The footmen, fully persuaded that
I had a posse of men concealed,
dropped their bakers with a clatter,
and sat shivering apprehensively,
staring at the trees.

I rode to the window of the coach.
"My Lord Sherrington," I said
bowing, but still speaking in my
feigned voice; "it grieves me to
show you so apparent a discourtesy,
but the party is a stolen march,
and constrains me to many odd
tasks. Sweet mistress, have no fear.
No personal harm is intended."

"Sir," my Lady Betty answered,
sitting up and looking at me with
fear of such cowardly ruffians as
you."

My Lord Sherrington looked
taken aback, but no whit afraid.
He stared at me narrowly for a mo-
ment during which my heart was in
my mouth, and then shrugged his
shoulders.

"An old gout held off I'd have
dropped you," he said; "but it
is a what-will you? We are at
your mercy."

"That ivory-headed cane is of
some value, and I have taken a
mighty fancy to it," I said.

"It is of little moment," he an-
swered, "but it is yours. Hand it
to me, for I'm crippled, a
plague take it!"

My Lady Betty handed out the
trophy with her own fair white
hands.

As I saw her, calm and perfectly
fearless, my heart went out to her
as it had never done before as long
as I had loved her.

about with the ivory-handled cane,
but in a trice I was thrown from
the saddle, and after a rough strug-
gle was bound hand and foot.

Lying as I was upon the Heath,
with my head pointed away from
the coach, I could see nothing that
was happening.

"Thanks," I heard Lord Sherrington
say. "A thousand thanks, Gad,
sirs, you came out in the nick of
time! How happened you to be
here?"

"We be the Sheriff's men, and we
had wind of this affair. We've
looked for un this many a night.
'Cap'n Awk' will be on the wing
tonight," was the word, and "ere
we be."

"Ah, 'tis handsome for us that
you were so near. A known man,
eh? Gad, the rascal shall avenge for
it! On the King's Highway—and
the King's High Sheriff, too—mon-
strous! Devilish monstrous! Come,
unmask him! Let's look at the vil-
lain's face."

I heard my Lord Sherrington amble
forward, and with him came the
rustle of silken skirts. I lay in
an agony of shame. One rascal
unmasked! If my mask and my in-
sulted! Lord Sherrington thrust a lantern in my
face. I stared up at him.

"Ronald!" he cried in a thick
voice. My Lady Betty screamed,
"O Lord, Ronald, you've got the wrong
man! Unhappy lad, I heard rumors of
debts and delirium; but this—oh,
Ronald, Ronald, that a Grenville
should come to this!"

"Sir," I cried, "'tis a mistake!"
"Nay, add not lying to it!" he
said sternly yet thickly, as though
he were in truth greatly grieved.

"Indeed, 'twas a wager! I can
prove it by witnesses!"

"Ay, lying hounds like yourself!"
This he not the first time either.
You know the man?" he added,
turning to the first officer.

"Ay, 'tis the 'Awk sure enuff."
"And I was travelling with much
good fortune!"

"I swear I knew nothing of that!"
I cried.

"Lads," said Lord Sherrington,
"I know this wretched man's par-
ents. For their sakes I would let
him go. He shall trouble this
country no more."

Suddenly there was a shout close
by. "By the Lord I can prove it
nothing of it, but there was a stir
among those standing round."

"Cut those bonds! There's villainy
here! By the Lord, you've got the wrong
man! I've got the right one! Here,
Harry, cut 'em!"

My heart gave a bound. It was
Charles's voice. A form leant over
me, and a quick knife severed my
bonds. I sprang to my feet. By
me was Harry Marston, a friend of
Charles's, and with him were two
others for a bullet.

Charles himself was in the saddle along
side my cousin, Sir Mandeville, hold-
ing a pistol to the villain's head.

"My Lord Sherrington," Charles
cried, "the escapee Ronald's
was a frolic, a mere wager! But
this bound, this white livered dog,
who shall be kicked most hand-
somerly, and merely worked it to
his undoing. The wager was made
when we were all somewhat heated
with wine."

"Come, come, Sir Charles," said
my Lord Sherrington, "these officers
have sworn to Ronald being 'The
Hawk'?"

"These are no officers—they are
cut throats, ungodly dogs, hired by
Sir Mandeville! Ask them for their
badges. Curs, have you—own
up, and you shall go free. Be silent
and—"

"We be poor men," the leader
snivelled, "and he tempted us. We
were to be plaguey well rewarded if
we patrolled you," pointing to me.

"We were to swear to you being
the 'Awk' when we unmasked you.
It were so plaguey dark it spoiled
our aim."

"Good lud, 'twas worse than
I imagined!" cried Charles. "I had
a suspicion that Sir Mandeville
meant foul play so as to win the
wager. I ferreted about until I
heard of the hiring of rascals to
masquerade as Sheriff's men. Then
I took the liberty of bringing a few
friends with me to see fair play.
We can all swear to Sir Mandeville
being with these men half an hour
ago."

"Ronald!" cried my Lord Sher-
rington. "My lad can forgive my
error." "Gad, to think I set you
down as a gallows-bird!"


Lady Betty came to my side.
"Ronald," she said, looking up at
me with her eyes.

"My Lord," I cried, "I must en-
play my part a little longer. I covet
another of your possessions."

"Ever, my Lady Betty," he cried.
And my Lady Betty, with one
swift look at me slipped her soft
little hands into mine.

So I won much, very much that
was dear to me in my wild frolics.
As for as the men, we let them go;
and my cousin, Sir Mandeville
Ullabrook, after relinquishing the
mortgages upon my estate—which
he did under constraint of Sir
Charles—left the country for France.

Live Stock Commissioner Stevens
is making a tour of the Province.
He will visit the McLeod and Let-
bridge fairs, address agricultural
associations which have made a
request for a speaker on live stock
topics, and confer with ranchers at
other points, and bring back his as-
sistance in marketing their produce.



See
C. C. THOMPSON
The Family Grocer
FOR
EVERYTHING
GOOD TO EAT

330 JASPER EAST
PHONE 149



The Imperial Piano of the Age.
The Aristocrat amongst Pianos.
The Pre-Eminent Art-Musical
Production of the World. : :

When you buy a
Steinway
you settle the piano question
permanently. You have
secured all that the art of
piano making has to give.

Catalogue and Prices Mailed.
Geo. H. Suckling
North-Western Representative
Wareroom: Second St.
Opposite Theatre Block
Arthur E. Hopkins
CITY AGENT

FACT TEN
CALCULATED in accordance with
the legal basis of reserves, THE
IMPERIAL LIFE's surplus to policy-
holder's amounts to over \$40.00 for
each \$1,000 of insurance in force.
According to the last published Government
Report this ratio is not equalled
by any other of the fifteen companies
referred to last week.

C. D. ROGERS, Dist. Manager
Archibald Bldg., Edmonton

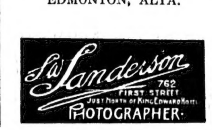
CITY FLOUR MILLS

When wanting your
next sack of flour ask
for our : : : :

"WHITE ROSE"

Fancy Patent Flour
Handled by all grocers and Flour
dealers. Every sack guaranteed.

Campbell & Ottewill
EDMONTON, ALTA.



The People of Edmonton will find in the IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

A Well-equipped Savings Department

Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$1.00 and upwards). Interest is added to all balances on last days of January, April, July and October.
All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the service of our depositors.
A special room is provided for women.
Married Women and Minors may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.
Capital, \$4,925,000 Rest, \$4,925,000
Your Savings Account is solicited. G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK Manager

The Northern Crown Bank

Comprising THE NORTHERN BANK AND THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA, amalgamated under authority of Act of Parliament.

HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG

Capital Authorized \$8,000,000.00
Capital (Paid Up) \$2,200,000.00
Rest and Undivided Profits \$225,000.00

Fully equipped to undertake every description of Banking transaction.

Savings Banks at every branch.
Interest paid four times a year.

H. M. RICHARDS, Local Manager, Edmonton.

The Store that sells for the lowest prices

Mid-Summer Bargains

During our great Mid-summer Clearing Sale which closes on Saturday, August 15th, we are offering many splendid values, values far beyond the ordinary. For instance

Odd lines but all

sizes in

LADIES'

AMERICAN

OXFORDS'

Regular \$4.00 &

\$4.50 pr.

for \$3.25



Odd lines but all

sizes in

LADIES'

AMERICAN

PATENT

BOOTS

Regular \$5.00 pr.

for \$3.85

VISIT OUR STORE DURING THE SALE

W. Johnstone Walker & Co.
267 Jasper Avenue E.

The Store that sells for the lowest prices

WANTED

EXPERIENCED CITY AGENT

BY

The Excelsior Life Insurance Co.

Kilgour & Little, Provincial Managers

MONEY TO LEND

Saturday News Ads. bring Results



RICHARD MANSFIELD.

An Elegy.

By William Winter.

(From the New York Tribune.)

For me terrestrial mountains rise;
For thee celestial rivers run;
My steps are peath familiar skies,
But thine in realms beyond the sun.

This peaceful scene, that does not change,
This smiling vale, so fair to see,
These lonely plains, the mountains range—
So glorious—all were known to thee.

For many a year, in shade or shine,
When life was gay, when life was drear,
Thy friendly hand was clasped in mine,
Thy form was oft beside me here.

Now, though I sought through ev'ry land,
I should not feel, in any place,
The pressure of thy loving hand,
Nor hear thy voice, nor see thy face.

So friendship fades, so love departs;
So living joy becomes a name
Shr'd in the depth of breaking hearts—
And yet the world remains the same.

The roses bloom, the fields are green,
The branches wave, the stream lets flow—
For Nature, ruffled or serene,
Is deaf and blind to human woe.

Thy mind to Beauty was subdued,
In Beauty's service thou wert blest—
Stern warrior in the bitter feud
That would not let thy spirit rest;

The feud that wakes angelic rage,
The war in which so many die,
The deadly strife that Art must wage
With mean intent and low desire.

Sleep sweetly, noble heart and true
The tempest of thy life is o'er;
Nor baffled hope, nor pang of rue,
Nor any grief can wound thee more.

Sleep sweetly, in that hallow'd dell,
Far off, beside the solemn sea,
Where tears and prayers will, constant, tell,
The love that lives to mourn for thee.

There wild flowers, emblems of thy soul,
Around thy tomb will bud and blow,
While Ocean's melancholy roll
Will chant thy requiem, soft and low.

There oft the pilgrim's musing gaze
Will linger on the votive stone
That mutely tells to future days
Thy power and charm, forever flown.

And there, in golden time to come,
When all the clamor of our day
Has sunk to silence, and the hum
Of vain detraction died away.

Fame's Angel, hovering o'er thy breast
His amaranthine bough will wave,
Proclaiming—Here lies thy glory's guest
Here Genius sleeps in Mansfield's grave.

There is a play running at present at the Lyceum Theatre in New York city with a title which suggests a barn-storming company rather than one in which the principals are Kylie Bellew and Margaret Illington.

"The Thief" is what it is called.

It is fairly well presented in the following extract which I came across the other day in a dramatic paper:

"Marie, the wife (played by Miss Margaret Illington)—I didn't begin by doing wrong. At first I loyally tried to manage with my means. Sometimes I thought myself nicely pressed, but when I came to compare myself with the different women we meet who spend a lot on their clothes I lost all joy and all confidence. How often I have watched you without your seeing, I have seen your eyes make comparisons—comparisons in which I suffered—and I realized that because of bad weapons I was fighting a losing battle.

Richard, the husband (played by Kylie Bellew)—Absurd, perhaps, but heavens, how real! How I have suffered! You shrug your shoulders, but you're a man, and won't understand. I suffered in silence for a while and remained straight. My first beautiful gown was the gown of all the harm—it was a low-necked gown—a marvel, it was; do you remember it?

Richard: I remember nothing.

Marie: In a wifely moment I had ordered it in the Rue de la Paix, first wore it at a dinner at the Hartmann's; you were waiting for me in the small drawing room, ready to start. I presented myself before

you, my heart leaping in my breast. You said nothing; you looked at me; just looked at me in the glass, but you said nothing; only at dinner you smiled at me, from time to time, a little, sly, caressing smile—and I felt so proud, so buoyant, so happy! Things shone around me! We came home rather late; on the landing you took me in your arms and kissed me, and you murmured, 'little Marie, I'm proud of you.' I was lost. You don't understand; a woman in love would understand me. Ah! do you see, a compliment to me in love, a love, a compliment! It is a heat which comes down, it makes your head swim, it is wine; one is intoxicated, I was lost. From that evening I would have nothing but the big dressmakers, nothing but the smartest frocks. Then to be complete I wanted beautiful under things of lawn and lace and raveling hats. It became a mania, and it spread without ceasing; and the debts increased terribly! One morning in February Alfred hurried me up; I told her my worries. She immediately proposed to get me out of my difficulties. She knew an underlinen maker, a Madame Breton, who would take all my bills on her account, both the old and the new. Of course, I was to give her a promissory note to this person and pay her interest—and what interest!—and both of them, Madame Breton and Aline, arranged to send me very reasonable bills as a blind! Richard (beneath his teeth): The vile wretches.

That the play has made a strong appeal is not to be wondered at with such a plot and such a dialogue as this extracts indicates.

The author, Mr. Henri Bernstein, is a closer student of human nature than most of those who write dramas of domestic life. Most of the playwrights, who deal with the subject of woman's extravagances, whether in dress or otherwise, assume that she indulges in them simply as a result of light-headed vanity; and that the husband who rails against them is sincere in his opposition to them. As a matter of fact, it is just such a subtle influence as Mr. Bernstein so cleverly describes in Marie's lines, as leads a very large number along the road to emprossment and sometimes to ruin.

The husband, in his wife to economize, but she knows all the time that if she does follow out his instructions that she will lose what a woman in love prizes above almost anything else. How many there are who, like Marie, cannot stand comparisons?

Scribner's Magazine is going to publish President Roosevelt's account of his shooting trip to Africa at the rate of a dollar a word and 'The World's Work' is to present the autobiography of John D. Rockefeller. We are being told what wonderfully enterprising men the publishers of these magazines are, but I can't say that their feats impress me at all. For equipping the interest of the majority of people, I am firmly of the opinion that the reminiscences of Mrs. George Corvallis-West, all better known as Lady Randolph Churchill, will be vastly superior to anything that Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Rockefeller could write. It takes a woman to cast an essentially human light on big men and big events. She has had wonderful opportunities of coming into touch with both and she has made the most of them.

The eighth installment appeared in the July number of the Century. I wonder how many of the wives of our public men are so much interested in their husband's prospects, as appears from the incident that she relates when "Randolph" came home and told her that Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain had persuaded him to withdraw his candidature for Birmingham. She was highly indignant, accused him of having shown the white feather for the first time in his life. He had, he said, made up his mind to abide by the opinion of the leaders of the party. "She argued, but it was no use. After Lord Randolph left the Government, relations with the Salisbury's became more and more strained, although appearances were kept up. Friends tried to reconcile them and finally they were asked to dine. The invitation was accepted much against the grain, but beyond a formal greeting neither host nor hostess exchanged one word with Lord and Lady Randolph. He was very angry and sorry for going. But very soon an invitation came to dine and sleep and help receive the Irish delegates to Hatfield House. There was to be a great political gathering and Lord Randolph was expected to speak. He refused to go and insisted upon his wife going alone; which she did, much to her consternation, and one can fancy how unpleasant the business was; making excuses for her husband, and sitting next Lord Salisbury at dinner, who politically made no references,

Reading the Tea Leaves

Means something to an intelligent woman. When they unroll into perfectly formed leaves, she knows it is not stale, much-handled bulk tea, but reliable



RAM LAL'S PURE TEA

sold by all grocers in 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. packages and 1 lb., 3 lb. and 5 lb. tins, with its own Fine Natural Flavor.

TOMATOES

We have a quantity of small tomatoes which we will sell

ON SATURDAY

AT

10c. a lb.

These are in good condition and are excellent for catsup, chili sauce, &c.

PHONE 1292

Ramsay's Greenhouses

Duncan Bros. & Butters

In connection with our ANNUAL JULY SALE, we are making some startling reductions in prices on reliable, seasonable goods. We must have room for fall goods, so you will find bargains in every department. Step in and ask for anything you want, and we will quote you a price that will surprise you.

Fancy Tansoline Silks in Stripes. Reg. 60c. Sale price 45c a yd.	Fancy Dress Muslin, light colors. Reg. 40c to 75c. Sale price 25c a yd.
Colored Pique Silks in navy, green and tan. Reg. 1.00. Sale price 65c a yd.	Fancy Dress Muslin, light colors. Reg. 10c to 30c. Sale price 10c a yd.
Embroidered Voiles, suit lengths, in tan and navy blue. Reg. \$1.75. Sale price \$1.25 a yd.	Fancy Dress Gingham, light and dark. Reg. 50c to 80c. Sale price 15c a yd.
Wool Voiles, in brown, champagne and fawn. Reg. 60c. Sale price 30c a yd.	Fast Colored Canadian Prints, dark colors. Reg. 10c to 12 1/2c. Sale price 8c a yd.
Ladies' White Muslin Blouses. Reg. \$1.25 to \$2.00. Sale price \$1.00	Crum's English Prints, light and dark. Reg. 15c. Sale price 12 1/2c a yd.
Reg. \$2.25 to \$3.25. Sale price \$1.75	Children's Dresses, white and colored. Reg. 50c to \$3.00. Sale price 35c to \$2.00
Ladies' Underskirts. Reg. 90c to \$2.00. Sale price 70c to \$2.00	Ladies' White Duck Skirts. Reg. \$1.75, \$2.75 and \$3.00 Sale price \$1.25, \$2.00 and \$2.25
Ladies' Mouslin Drawers. Reg. 40c. to \$3.00. Sale price 30c to \$1.10	All our Fancy Surroundings to be cleared out at one-third off regular prices.

BOOTS AND SHOES	BOOTS AND SHOES
18 pair Men's Box Calf, Goodyear welt. Reg. \$4.00 for \$3.25 a pair	12 pair Boys' Shoes, sizes 2 to 6.
16 pair Men's Common Sense Shoes, Goodyear welt. Reg. \$3.50 for \$2.75 a pair	15 pair Youth's Canvas Oxfords, sizes 11 to 13. - - - - - Reg. \$1.20 for 95c a pair.
17 pair Ladies' Viet Kid Oxfords, Goodyear welt, Patent Tip. Reg. \$3.50 for \$2.75 a pair	See the Crawford Shoe for Men in our entire window.

Duncan Bros. & Butters

DEPARTMENT STORE

CORNER FIRST ST. and JASPER AVE.

Automatic Phone 1352

EDMONTON

Connelly & McKinley

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

Private Chapel and Ambulance

212 McDougall Ave.

Phone 1525

When the Shah of Persia was in London for the Jubilee celebrations, he was a guest at a banquet in Buckingham Palace. Being asked to give his arm to the Queen, he flatly refused, having decided to take in a lady more to his barbarian fancy. After successful pressure, he consented with what the children call "a mad face," and fairly dragged the good old Queen and her maid as he strode into the dining room. Another night at the opera, the Shah sat with a bored countenance until the orchestra had occasion to tune up their instruments, when he brightened up at the discordant sounds and cried for an encore. Against royal precedent he insisted on Lord and Lady Randolph going through some social ceremony only for royalties.

Lady Randolph gives reminiscences of Lady de Grey's entertainments at which were to be met all the notabilities who came to London, and every artist and wit worth while who resided there. She tells about a nouveau riche, Colonel North, of whom we never hear now. He was called the "Nitrate King," and spent his money lavishly. Once when dining with the Thursbells, he was giving his hostess a description of his picture gallery, and told her that he had bought a "grand picture" that very day for £5,000. Lady Randolph asked who was the artist. He forgot. What was the subject? And he forgot that also, "but it is twelve feet by eight!" he added.

HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by
For you, for you, I stand and cry
A Stander-By

On Saturday July 18 Mr. A. A. Ballachee, High River, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Ballachee of Brantford, Ont., and one of Alberta's brightest young members of the legal profession, was united in marriage to Miss Genevieve Macdonald, daughter of the late Hon. Archibald Macdonald, of Bay City, Michigan, and a sister of Mrs. Charles Clark. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Dubois, of Okotoks, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, High River, Alberta. The bride was gowned in white silk crepe and carried an arm bouquet of bride's roses and white carnations. After the ceremony and a wedding breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Ballachee left for a tour through the Rockies, and by steamer to Skagway, Prince Rupert and other points along the Pacific Coast. On their return to the city they will begin housekeeping in their attractive home which is being made ready for them during their absence.

The Calgary News has the following: "Mrs. Robertson of High River was the hostess of a most enjoyable luncheon and bridge party on Wednesday afternoon. A number of Calgary ladies went down in motors and by train in the morning, and returned to the city about 9 in the evening. A delicious luncheon was served at small tables, which were artistically decorated with yellow field daisies and bunches of wheat tied with yellow satin ribbons. Some of the guests were: Madame Talbot, Mrs. Lougheed, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. and Miss Dennis, Mrs. and Miss Muckleton, Mrs. Macleod, Mrs. Newburn, Miss Stringer, Mrs. Blaylock, Miss Ryan, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Sanson, Mrs. Helm, and Mrs. Turner-Bone."

When I was a young man, Lady Jersey was one of the leaders of fashion, and her house was a resort of politicians and others. With her lived her daughter, Lady Clementine Villiers, a handsome and clever girl. The custom had been established that all friends should give the latter a present on her birthday, and these presents were set out in the ante-chamber. Among these friends was Lord Brougham, then an old man. He called on a birthday, but had forgotten what the occasion was, and had brought no present. Seeing a mass of presents laid out, he seized one of them, and took it to his present, rightly counting that the young lady would not remember that it was one that already had been given to her. And very proud he was of his presence of mind. But then, he was an ex-ord chancellor.—London Truth.

The following is a Western Associated Press despatch from Brandon, telling of a happy event which transpired in that city on Wednesday, in which very keen interest is felt in Edmonton, to which city Mr. and Mrs. Bowker will receive a most whole-souled welcome on the return from their honeymoon trip:

"The venerable precincts of St. Matthews Church made a perfect setting for a most impressive ceremony this afternoon, when Miss Kathleen Kirchhofer, only daughter of Senator and Mrs. Kirchhofer, and Edward Clarke Bowker, manager of the Dominion Bank, of Edmonton, were united in marriage. The church was most beautifully decorated with white flowers, the altar and steps being banked with palms and gracefully draped with simlax and evergreens and crowned with white flowers, marking the places reserved for the guests. Sharp at the appointed hour, 1.15 p.m., the organ, presided over by

Mr. Jerome, pealed forth Mendell Cohen's wedding march, and Mr. Bowker, attended by Mr. Hugo Ross as best man, took his place at the chancel steps. The bride procession, led by the choir, singing "The voice that breathes of Eden," came slowly up the aisle, followed by the bride, looking strikingly handsome in her bridal gown, escorted by her father and her maid of honor, Miss S. Sutherland, five bridesmaids, Misses Marion Macdonald, Edith Galt, Viva Kelly, Dorothea Cooper and Isabel Kyerson, and lastly, her five gallant ushers, Messrs Harry Chown, Harold Trenholm, Lawrence Pentland, Allan Kreutziger and Leslie Galt.

The service was choral and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. U. de Pencier, assisted by Rev. Mr. Radcliffe and Rev. F. W. Walker. During the signing of the register, "O Perfect Love" was rendered by the choir. The bride party and guests then drove or motored to "Clareholme" the residence of the bride's parents, where a reception was held. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers in profusion.

The bride was wearing a beautiful creation of white brussels net, heavily embroidered in white coin spots in diamond design, empire gown with trimmings of pearl, the long graceful sleeves studded with pearls coming down well over the hand, the long square train falling in graceful folds from the shoulder. Her veil was most becomingly draped and held in place on her pretty dark curls by a wreath of orange blossoms. She carried a handsome white broadened prayer book, the gift of Rev. Mr. de Pencier.

The maid of honor and bridesmaids were gowned alike in pretty white silk main dresses. The skirts were trimmed with a wide band of lace, with frill finished with Venetian lace. The bodices were also trimmed with Venetian lace, having yokes and fronts forming a surplice effect of lace. The becoming pink tulle hats were trimmed with cordray frills to match the dresses and pink plumes. All carried large bouquets of sweet peas. They wore handsome gold brooches set with turquoise and pearls. To the ushers the groom gave turquoise tie pins.

A large crowd of young people went to the station to bid Mr. and Mrs. Bowker bon voyage on their honeymoon, amid showers of flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Bowker will spend their honeymoon at Earnscliffe Lodge, Ottawa, the former home of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, which was kindly lent to them by Mrs. Chas. A. E. Harris, aunt of the bride. On their return they will take up their residence in Edmonton.

Many very handsome gifts were made to the bride, including: Lord and Lady Aberdeen, a green enameled shankrock brooch and Limerick lace scarf; Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, beautiful China vase; R. L. Macleod, a silver cigarette case; Mr. and Mrs. Borden, handsome jardiniere; Mrs. Chas. Harris, complete set of dinner cutlery; Hon. R. and Mrs. Rodgers, handsome present; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Galt, complete set of glass. The groom's gift to the bride was a horse and dog cart and opal and emerald earrings. Sir Wm. and Lady Mulock sent a complete silver cutlery dinner service, and many other beautiful presents were received.

Mrs. Donald W. Macdonald and her small daughter and infant son, expect to leave on a visit to Coburg and other eastern points about the 15th of the month.

The Rev. Father Teefy, formerly Superior of St. Michael's College, Toronto, and a very much beloved and popular ecclesiastic in academic circles, has spent the last week of his life with Mrs. Justice and Mrs. Beck, his sister.

Among the pleasant little affairs of the week was the Edmonton Women's Press Club luncheon to Miss Agnes Laut, the brilliant young Canadian authoress and magazine writer, which took place on Tuesday at Cronin's Club cafe, covers being laid for eight, the four club members, the guest of honor, and Mrs. Murphy, Miss Forsythe and Miss Shibley. It was one of those pleasantly informal gatherings of women, where good fellowship and a guest of honor who could talk well and entertainingly were the important factors in the feast, and I am sure all who had the great pleasure of meeting this sweet, unaffected girl came away loud in her praises.

Early in the week she and a girl companion left by York boat for a trip to Winnipeg via the lordly Saskatchewan.

On Tuesday evening a few friends dropped in informally to meet Miss Laut, and the Rev. Father Teefy and Mrs. H. C. Wilson. The evening was in the nature of a verandah party, and those who were fortunate enough to be present enjoyed a quiet evening with many of the interesting visitors, as well as one of the very loveliest views in Edmonton, amidst ideal surroundings.

Mr. A. Hyndman, manager of the Royal Bank, and his bride, returned from their honeymoon on Saturday, and are the guests of Mrs. Hyndman on Fifteenth street.

Miss May McCauley, of the Edmonton Land and Titles Office, has been transferred to the Humboldt office and left on Tuesday to assume her new duties.

The Misses Sommerville returned from a most enjoyable holiday, spent at Gull Lake, on Friday last.

Mrs. Chalesworth returned on Monday from spending a jolly weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Morris at Cooking Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Movat Biggar who have been away in Banff and Calgary, returned to Edmonton on Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewing expect to leave on an enjoyable outing during August.

Mrs. Walter White of Lanigan is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Balmer Watt.

Mrs. Kay of Fernie, B.C., is staying at the paternal home on Sixth street, having barely escaped with a number of others with her life during the recent terrible holocaust in the Crow's Nest country.

Two popular young Edmontonians were married at an early hour on Wednesday at All Saints' Church when Miss Sadie, daughter of Mr. Charles Wishart, Winnipeg, became the wife of Mr. Roy Douglas, of the provincial audit department and son of Mr. Howard Douglas, Dominion park commissioner, Banff. Miss Bessie Scott acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Percy Wishart of Winnipeg as best man. Rev. Arthur Murphy performed the ceremony, while Mrs. J. W. Cunningham officiated at the organ. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas left on the morning C.P.R. train for a honeymoon trip to the coast, accompanied by a host of good wishes. On their return they will make their home on Thirteenth street, Edmonton.

"Canada," published in London, England, has the following in reference to the sister of Mr. H. Milton Martin: "Mrs. Edvina, as the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Edwards is known in the operative world, made her first appearance in Covent Garden, London, in the character of Marguerite in 'Faust,' and was very favorably received by both the audience and the Press. Her assumption of the character was excellent both from a vocal and histrionic point of view. Mrs. Edvina has a voice of exceedingly beautiful quality, says the Morning Post, and of a quality that has some special attractions. One of them is the unusual fullness of its tone throughout its range, and another is the variety of expression it can be made to convey."

There is a very pretty assortment of souvenir china with Edmonton views at Mr. Little's Stationery Store.

Personalia.

Mr. Frank Mariaggi who was a prominent hotelman both in Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan in the nineties, and later became a prominent citizen of Winnipeg and of Port Arthur, was a visitor to Edmonton this week. Mr. Mariaggi prospered greatly with western development and some years ago returned to his native isle of Corsica to live.

Mr. Spencer B. Montgomery whose success at the matriculation examinations of McGill University, in which he is reported to have stood the third highest among the candidates from all parts of the Dominion, was noted last week, has been for the past two years a student at Alberta College, the staff of which is entitled to warm congratulations.

On Wednesday evening the Liberal Club presented Dr. McIntyre M.P. and his bride with a handsome silver tea service, accompanied by an address in which they paid a warm tribute to the services he had rendered as the representative of the constituency. The presentation took place at the Young Liberal Club rooms, Dr. McIntyre after thanking his friends for the gift made a lengthy review of the work of the session.

Mr. F. James Gibson, one of the leading advertising men of New York, paid a visit to Edmonton this week.

Mr. G. B. O'Connor returned from the Quebec tercentenary celebration on Wednesday.

Mr. R. Stoddart of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute renewed his acquaintance with many of the boys of the school now living in Edmonton, this week.

Mr. Jas Lunness, senior member of the firm of Lunness and Halligan, live stock exporters, Toronto, and his daughter Jessie, are visiting with his daughter Mrs. H. H. Jackson, 717 Fifth street.

GRAND CONCERT

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Corner of Third St. N. & Athabasca

Monday, Aug. 10

Under the auspices of the B.Y.P.U.

in aid of the Piano Fund.

The last appearance before leaving Alberta of

Mr. Albert E. Greenlaw (Bass)

ASSISTED BY

MISS MacQUARRIE, Soprano; MISS BUCK, Contralto; MISS ZELLA HALL, Elocutionist; MR. J. G. WALFORD, Reader; MISS D. TELFER, Violin.

MISS P. KEMP, Accompanist

ADMISSION - - - 25c.

Edmonton Opera House

AUGUST 9th, 1908

PROGRAMME

of the Ninth of the Series of

SUNDAY CONCERTS

- 1 Lucia di Lammermoor (Overture) Donizetti Orchestra
- 2 (a) Menuet (Haydn) (b) Moment Musical (F. Schubert) String quartette
- 3 "For all Eternity" (Mascheroni) Mr. F. A. Whitby
- 4 Torero (selection) E. Adam Orchestra
- 5 Song, "Under the Deodar" Monckton Miss Mary Gerding
- 6 Simple Aven (J. Thome) Orchestra
- 7 Third March Religioso (Bizet) Orchestra

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Next Concert, Aug. 16th
Celebrated Serenata in G - (Haydn)
Traumerci - - - - (Schumann)

Hall's Ice Cream

Parlor

THE COZIEST IN THE CITY

We guarantee our Ice Cream to be pure and wholesome and when once tried you will come again.

Special catering for afternoon teas and luncheons.

Ice-cold drinks in all flavors.

PHONE 1915

CHAS. HALL

STATIONER, CONFECTIONER AND TOBACCONIST

Corner Jasper & Seventh

Our Big Annual Summer CLEARANCE SALE

NOW IN FULL SWING

Wonderful buying chances in all departments.

We are constantly selling out lines already advertised, but for every one sold out there is a new one added which is equally as good and in many cases even better.

Make it a point to visit our store during this sale.

THE ACME CO., LTD.

CORNER JASPER AVENUE and SECOND STREET

CUSHION TOPS DOYLIES

CENTRE PIECES

Tinted and plain, for outlining and embroidering.

Little's

Stationery Store

The Greatest Sale of the Season

Everything to go below cost.

Large stock and excellent assortment of Trimmed Hats to choose from.

MRS. FERRIER

The Toronto Millinery Store

143 Jasper Avenue West

Next door East of Hudson's Bay Stores

Alberta Conservative Association.

FEDERAL CONSTITUENCIES OF EDMONTON AND STRATHCONA

Having accepted the appointment of Organizer for Messrs. Hyndman and Day, the nominees of the Conservative Party for the Edmonton and Strathcona Constituencies respectively, the undersigned invites all parties living in these constituencies interested in the next Federal Election to send their names and addresses to him, so that he may in due time send to them the name and location of the place where they will be able to record their vote; and he will also be prepared to give any information desired.

CAPT. T. B. THOMAS

CAMROSE, ALBERTA

Edmonton Beach



The closest summer resort to the city. Full information may be had at The Saturday News Office.